

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
AHC

STORIES of STRANGE ADVENTURE

NO 83 - OCT.

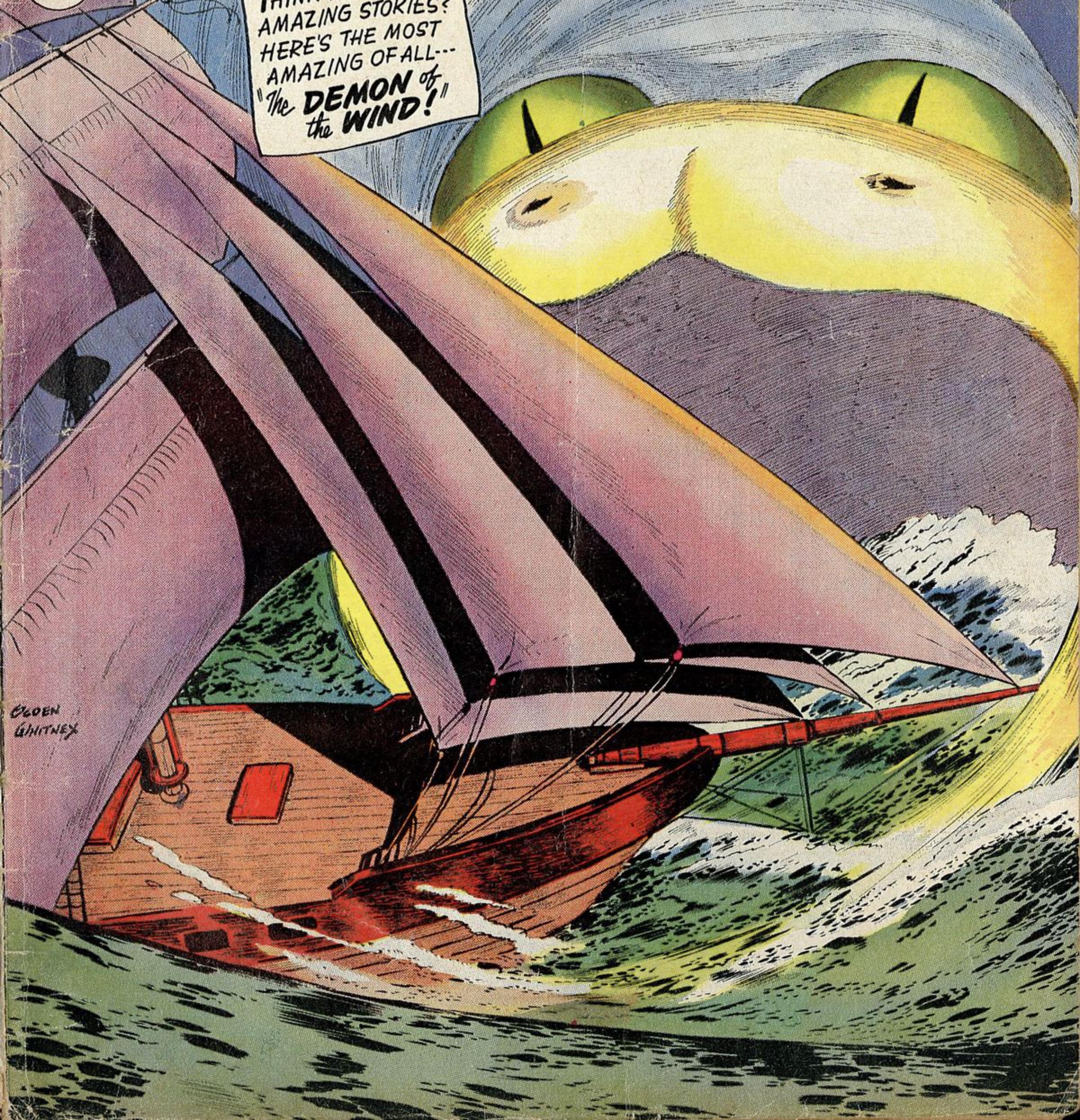
IND.

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CAG
AUTHORITY

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

THINK YOU'VE READ
AMAZING STORIES?
HERE'S THE MOST
AMAZING OF ALL---
"The DEMON of
the WIND!"



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



LOOK! *Thousands*
Who Never Thought They Could-
NOW MAKING \$50 to \$500
in Spare Time...



"FEATURE" \$1.00 CHRISTMAS ASS'T.
 We'll send you the spectacular new "Feature" Christmas Assortment. These 21 deluxe cards would cost \$2.50 if bought singly.

... Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors with World-Famous Wallace Brown **CHRISTMAS CARDS**

WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!*

There's no trick to making extra money. Thousands of Boys, Girls, Men, Women who never earned any extra money before are now enjoying \$50 to \$500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! It's simple—everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy their cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. Could anything be simpler? We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. See without risking a penny how much fun making extra money can be. Just mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

76 BIG MONEYMAKERS—Send Coupon Below

Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy extra money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get sample of 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't. on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers . . . more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to start making money at once—we show you how. Just mail the coupon TODAY!

SEND NO MONEY

Paste Coupon on postcard
or mail in envelope

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
 11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
 New York 10, New York

Send 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name _____

FREE Samples of Popular-Priced Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's so easy, too, because we ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling cards.

ORGANIZATIONS:

Churches, clubs, etc. can add hundreds of dollars to treasuries with these fast sellers. Give organization name on coupon.

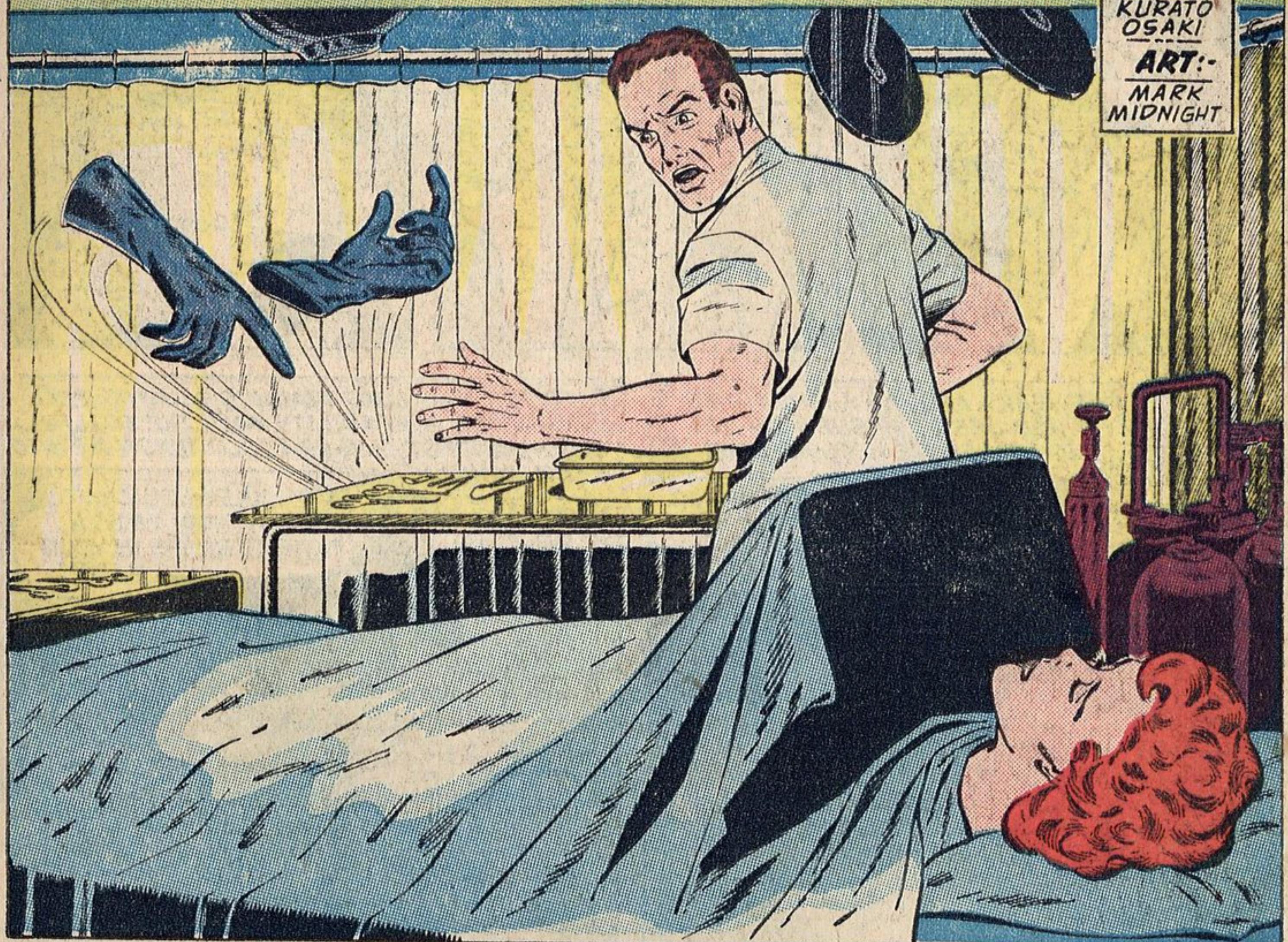
Wallace Brown, Inc.

11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
 New York 10, New York

DR. JULES DORN STOOD HELPLESSLY BY AS THE WOMAN HE LOVED LAY DYING. WHO WOULD HELP HIM NOW IN THIS MOMENT OF DISASTER? -- AND THEN SUDDENLY, INCREDIBLY HE SAW THEM THERE -- WAITING TO GUIDE HIM --

The GLOVES of DR. MAREK!

STORY:
KURATO
OSAKI
ART:
MARK
MIDNIGHT



EACH DAY, STUDENTS AND SURGEONS CROWD INTO THE OPERATING THEATRE OF THE NORTHSIDE HOSPITAL TO WATCH THE MASTERFUL DR. JULES DORN AT WORK...

AND AFTER EACH OPERATION, THE ONLOOKERS ASK THEMSELVES THE SAME PUZZLING QUESTION....



I DON'T GET IT! THREE YEARS AGO, I WOULDN'T HAVE LET DORN REMOVE A SPLINTER FROM MY LITTLE FINGER. AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS ABOUT TO BE DISMISSED FROM THE STAFF FOR INCOMPETENCE!

AND NOW HE'S RATED AS ONE OF THE FINEST SURGEONS IN AMERICA!

AND AFTER EACH OPERATION, DR. DORN GOES THROUGH THE SAME STRANGE ROUTINE...

JUST THE GOWN, NURSE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GLOVES MYSELF!



SEE, I TOLD YOU. HE IT'S MORE
NEVER LETS ANYONE THAN A
ELSE TOUCH THOSE SUPERSTITION. THEY CAN MOVE
GLOVES. IT'S SOME THOSE GLOVES! BY THEMSELVES!
SUPERSTITION, I ARE ALIVE! I SAW THEM
GUESS. ONCE....

YES, THEY'RE ALIVE, I TELL YOU...AND
SUPERSTITION. THEY CAN MOVE
THOSE GLOVES! BY THEMSELVES!
ARE ALIVE!

THERE GOES
POOR MISS
BLAINE AGAIN
WITH THAT
HARE-BRAINED
STORY ABOUT
THE GLOVES OF
DR. MAREK!
HA, HA!

A HARE-BRAINED STORY? NOT
AT ALL. FOR THERE IS SOME-
THING STRANGE ABOUT THESE
GLOVES... AND NO ONE SHOULD
KNOW IT BETTER THAN I...
JULES DORN!



"IT BEGAN FIVE YEARS AGO. AS A GRADUATE
IN SURGERY, I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED AS THE
ASSISTANT OF DR. MAREK, THE WORLD-FAMOUS
SURGEON..."

JULES, YOU'LL TAKE THE
NEXT ONE. A SIMPLE APPEN-
DECTOMY. I'LL STAND BY...
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

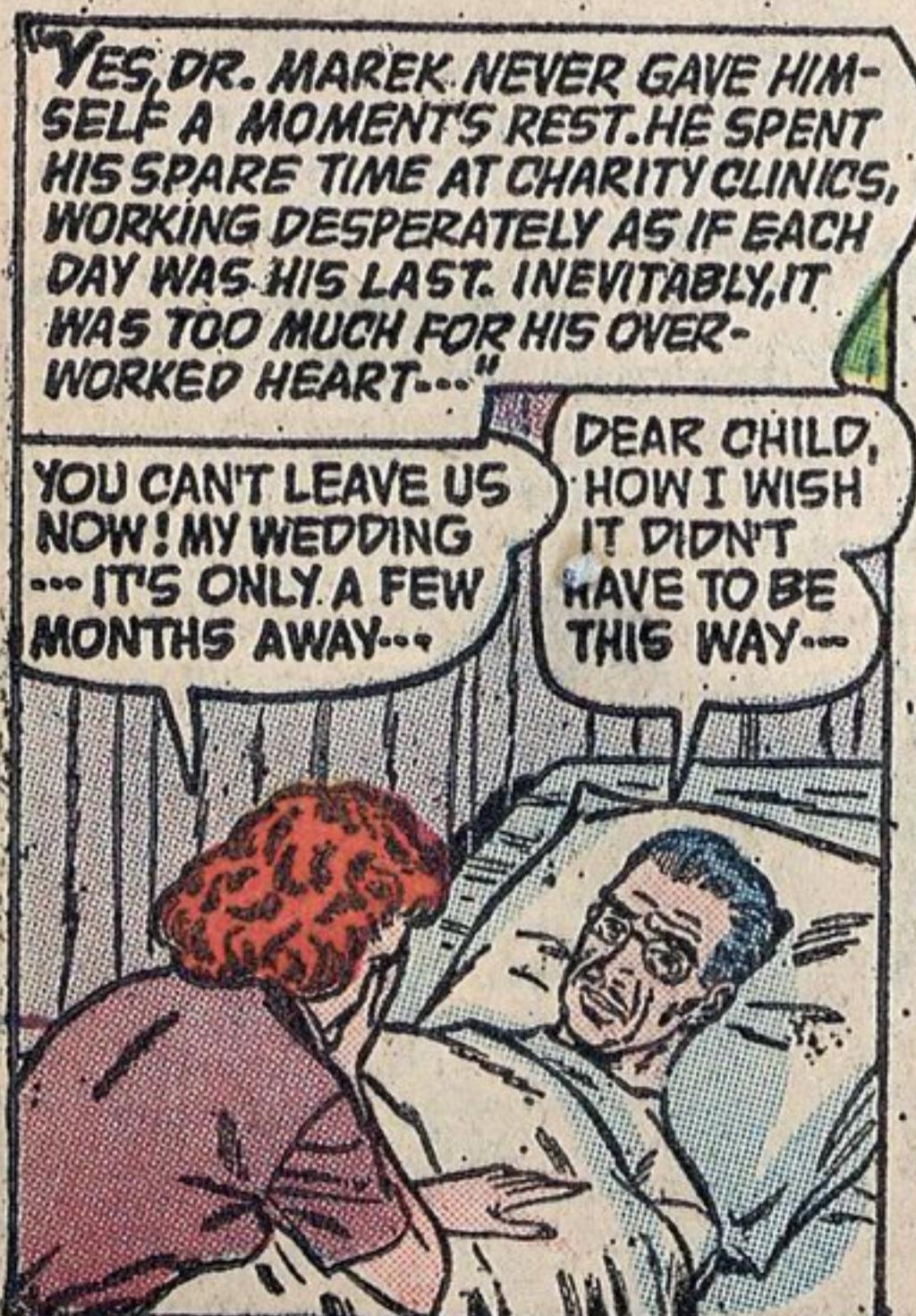
ER...VERY WELL, DR.
MAREK. IF...IF YOU
THINK IT'S ALL
RIGHT.

"IN SPITE OF MY LONG TRAINING, I HAD NO REAL
CONFIDENCE IN MY ABILITY WITH THE SCALPEL.
THE SLIGHTEST SLIP-UP COULD THROW ME INTO
NEAR PANIC..."

THAT...THAT WAS
WRONG...

EASY, JULES. YOU CAN'T
FOLD UP NOW WITH A
PATIENT'S LIFE IN YOUR
HANDS.





"AND THEN IT WAS ALL OVER... MY GUIDE AND PROTECTOR HAD LEFT ME..."

OH JULES, HE'S GONE... DADDY'S GONE.

THOSE GLOVES... ARE ALL HE LEFT TO THIS WORLD. I'LL TREASURE THEM AS LONG AS I LIVE.



"I PUT THOSE GLOVES IN AN HONORED PLACE IN MY OFFICE. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO ME, BUT INSTEAD I WAS EVEN MORE UNSURE OF MYSELF THAN BEFORE..."

THE X-RAY ON THAT OPERATION YOU'VE GOT SCHEDULED FOR THIS AFTERNOON... IT'S GOING TO BE A ROUGH ONE, DORN.

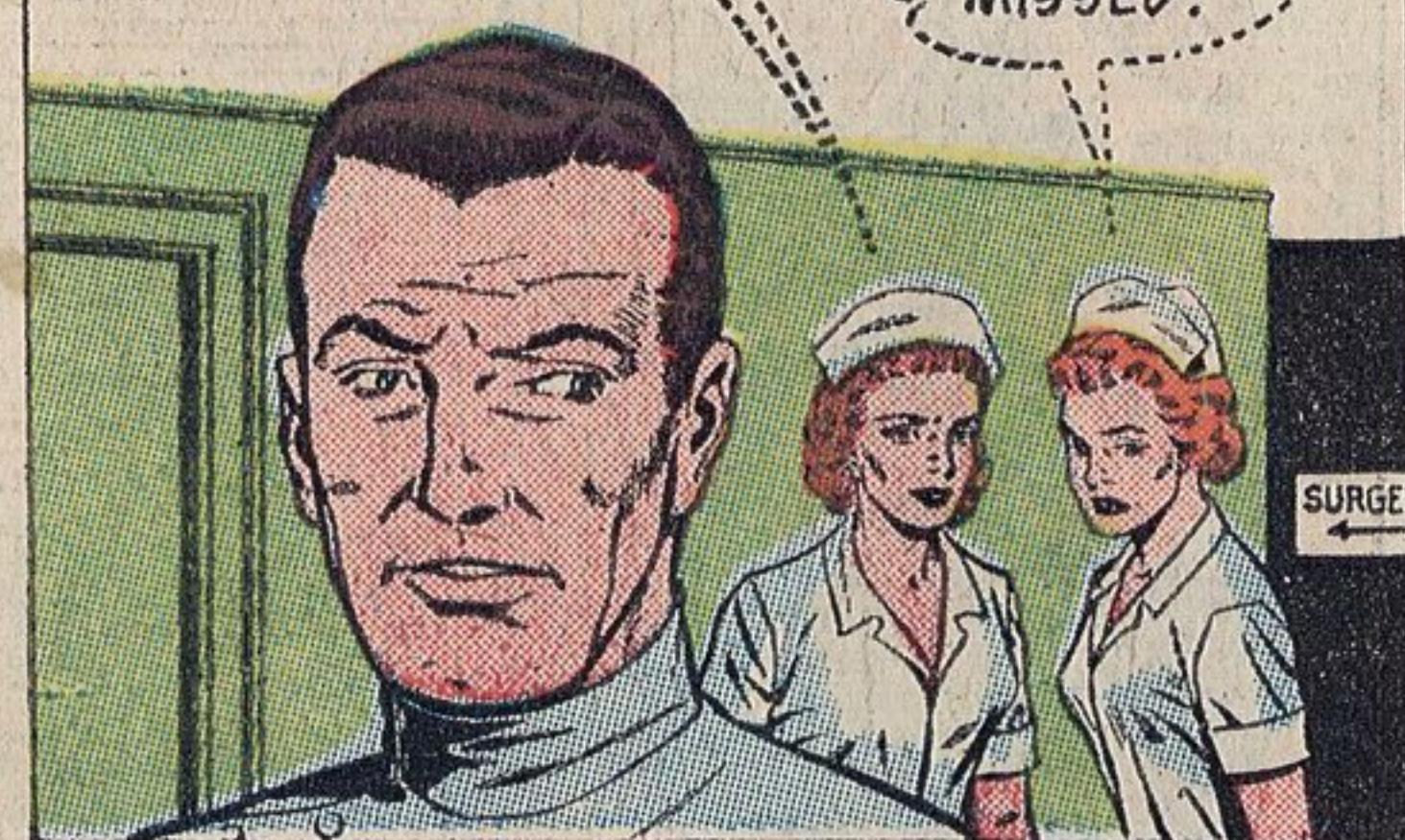
ER... DIDN'T I TELL YOU, SIR? I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL... I'VE ASKED DR. BUCKNER TO TAKE OVER FOR ME.



"MY LACK OF CONFIDENCE AND TENDENCY TO PANIC BECAME WORSE EACH DAY. SOON I COULD HEAR THE WHISPERS AROUND ME..."

A SIMPLE OPERATION LIKE THAT... AND HE NEARLY BOTCHED IT.

HE HASN'T GOT MAREK TO PROTECT HIM NOW. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL HE'S DISMISSED!



I HEARD THEM, HESTER. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE...

JULES, DEAREST, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF. DAD ALWAYS SAID THAT ALL YOU NEEDED TO BE A FINE SURGEON WAS SELF-CONFIDENCE.



"AND THEN, ONE NIGHT... AS A RAGING STORM SWEPT ACROSS THE CITY..."

DR. BUCKNER AND DR. CRAGG CAN'T MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL TONIGHT. THE STORM WASHED OUT ALL SURFACE TRANSPORTATION.

I GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL BE ON DUTY ALL ALONE TONIGHT... THANK YOU, MISS BLAINE.

"IT WAS TOWARD MIDNIGHT THAT I GOT A CALL FROM THE EMERGENCY ROOM..."

A PATIENT WAS JUST BROUGHT IN, DR. DORN. A YOUNG LADY... BADLY INJURED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

I'LL BE DOWN AT ONCE.



"AS I HURRIED DOWN THE CORRIDOR, A VAGUE PREMONITION OF DISASTER TROUBLED ME. THEN, AS I ENTERED THE EMERGENCY ROOM..."

HESTER! GOOD HEAVENS... IT'S HESTER!

JULES... HURT... SO BAD...

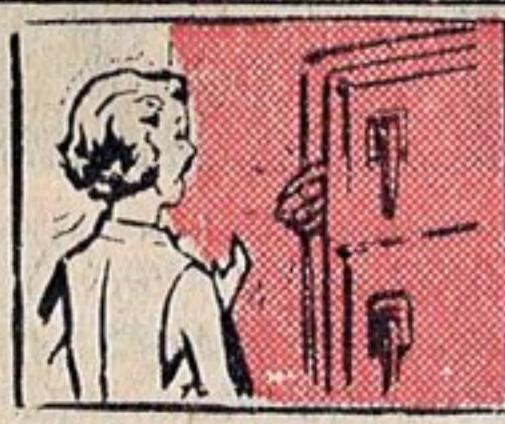


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TREASURE CHEST OF FUN

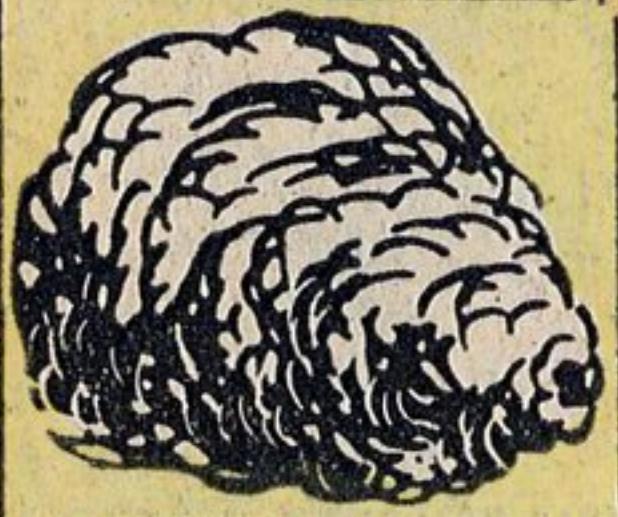


BIKE SPEEDOMETER
READS UP TO 50 M.P.H.
See how fast your riding!
Time yourself in racing and
see if you can better your
top speed. No gears, no com-
plicated mechanism. Fasten
to handle bars and go. Easy
to install.
No. 199 Only 75¢



SPOOK HAND

A million laughs! This
realistic, skin colored
spook hand has red
fingernails and big
knuckles that are
completely realistic.
Imagine it poking out of
your car, out of a pot,
opening a door. Sticks
anywhere with special
adhesive included. Can be
re-used over & over
again. It's real weird.
8079 .98



ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB
Just light one and watch the
column of thick, white smoke
rise to the ceiling, mushrooming
into a dense cloud, just
like an A-Bomb.
No. 971..... 20¢



SHRUNKEN HEADS
FANTASTIC! Looks
exactly like what
jungle head hunters
prepare. Something
new and startling
to hang in your car
or in your room.
A horrible and un-
usual gift in a box.
617 75¢

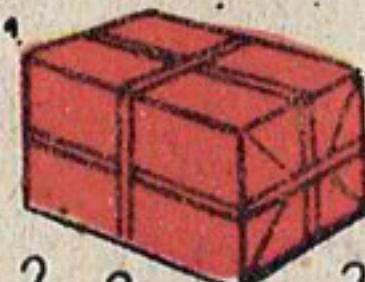


YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH
Master Jui Jitsu and you'll
win any fight. This book
gives all the grips, blocks, etc.
which are so effective
in counterattack. FREE book
on how to perform
strong man stunts also
included.
No. 224 1.00



The most popular joke
novelty in years! Wind up
and wear it like a ring.
When you shake hands,
it almost raises the victim
off his feet with a
"shocking sensation."
Absolutely harmless.
No. 239 Only 50¢

SURPRISE PACKAGE

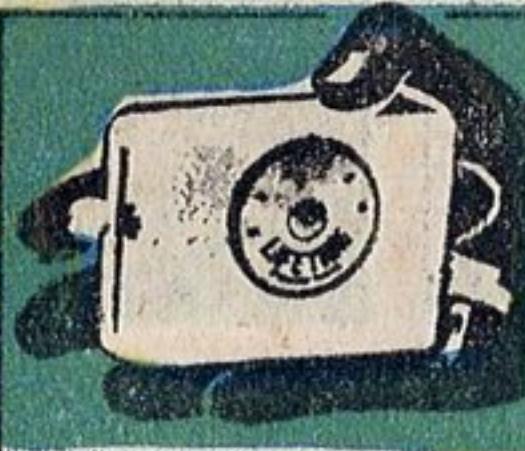


Are you willing to
take a chance? We
won't tell you what
you get, but because
you're willing to gam-
ble, we'll give you
more than your
money's worth.
No. 678 Only 50¢



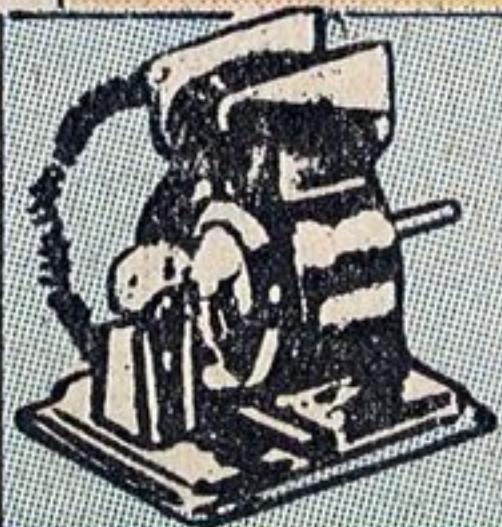
WHOOPIE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a
cushion, then watch the fun
when someone sits down! It
gives forth embarrassing
noises. Made of rubber and
inflatable. A scream at parties
and gatherings.
No. 247 50¢



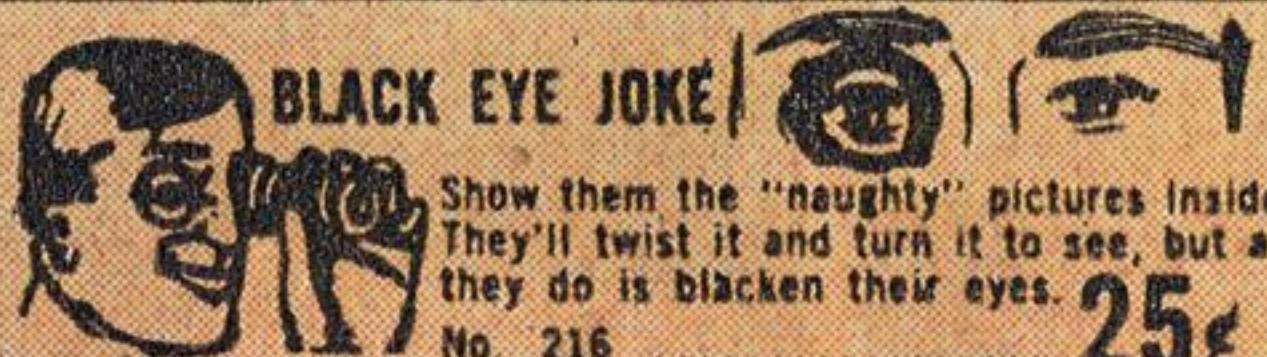
AMAZING MINIATURE RADIO

Tiny featherweight radio that operates
without batteries, without tubes, but
brings you years of listening pleasure.
Nothing to wear out or replace. Plays
indefinitely. Complete with own ear-
plug.
No. 644 4.98



ELECTRIC MOTOR Drives All Models

Yes, now you can have an actual electric motor
for just 50¢. It sounds unbelievable, but it's
true. This compact little kit makes it a cinch
to build this high power unit. And the fun
you're going to get driving your model planes,
boats, etc. Comes complete with easy to follow
instructions for assembly.
No. 852 50¢



BLACK EYE JOKE
Show them the "naughty" pictures inside.
They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all
they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216 25¢

SNOW STORM TABLETS

Just place one of these
on the end of a
burning cigarette,
and watch the snow fly.
It'll create a real indoor snow
blizzard.
No. 045 per pkg. 20¢



MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Precision camera so small
it fits in cigarette pack.
Weighs 2 1/2 ounces and
takes 10 pictures per roll.
Precision ground lens
and time expose shutter.
Can be hidden
anywhere.
Complete with free roll of
film.
No. 788 1.98



HOT CANDY
Looks like regular
candy, but it
sure doesn't taste like it.
Burns their mouth
when they eat it.
Pkg. of 3
No. 022 12¢



BITTER CIGARETTE
Dip the ends of a
cigarette into this
tobacco-colored
powder, and
watch the fun—
is it bitter?
No. 026 20¢

BUILD A BODY OF STEEL

Start Seeing Results in Just 30 Days.
Pocket Gym will develop your chest, back,
triceps, neck, shoulders, stomach and legs.
In just 30 days, you'll begin to earn the
respect of all your friends—the admiration
of all the girls. You'll keep fit and fear no
one.
No. 601 1.00

FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's
where the resemblance stops. When
it's dropped in liquid, they overflow
and form clouds of suds. Seems as
though it'll never stop.
No. 549 25¢



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

All merchandise advertised is unconditionally guaranteed to
be more fun than you've ever had or simply return it to us
for full refund. Specify item numbers and names of articles
when ordering.

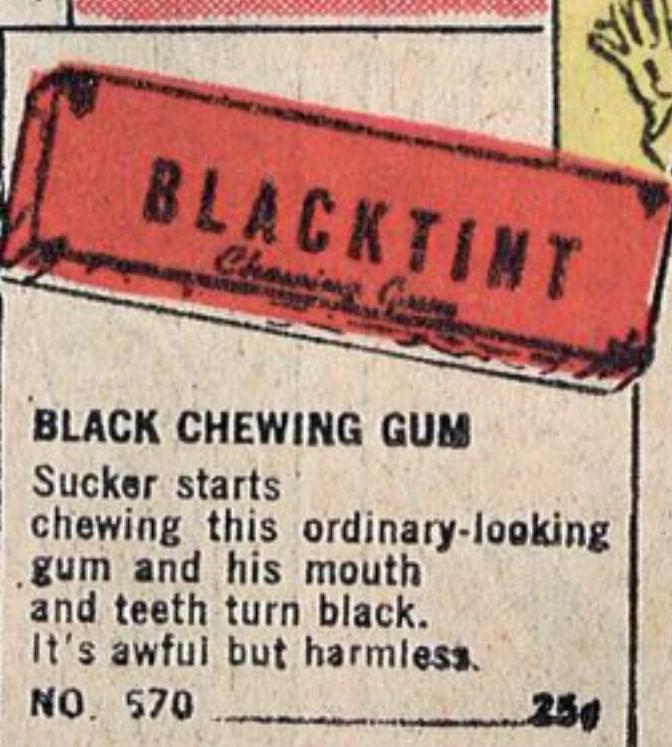
Sorry, but we cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00.
Kindly add 15¢ for postage and handling to all orders.
Simply send cash, check or money order, or order C.O.D. from

Honor House Prod. Corp.
Lynbrook, New York

Dept. MC-42



PRANKSTER EXHAUST WHISTLE
Greatest gag in years! Place this
gadget inside any tail pipe
and watch the fun.
Sounds like the
transmission, fuel pump, and
whole rear end caved in
harshly, but a panic
No. 987 75¢



BLACK CHEWING GUM
Sucker starts
chewing this ordinary-looking
gum and his mouth
and teeth turn black.
It's awful but harmless.
No. 570 25¢

THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventriloquist & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw
your voice into trunks, behind doors, and
everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth
and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher,
your friends, and your family and have
fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become
a Ventriloquist".
No. 127 25¢



24" RUBBER SNAKE

A gigantic 24" snake
that will coil and seem
to be alive! Throw it into
a crowd and watch the
fun start.
No. 5451 11.50



BUILD A BODY OF STEEL

Start Seeing Results in Just 30 Days.
Pocket Gym will develop your chest, back,
triceps, neck, shoulders, stomach and legs.
In just 30 days, you'll begin to earn the
respect of all your friends—the admiration
of all the girls. You'll keep fit and fear no
one.
No. 601 1.00

"IN THAT MOMENT, FEAR SEIZED ME. FRANTICALLY I SEARCHED FOR THE HELP I NEEDED SO DESPERATELY..."

QUICKLY, NURSE. GET IN TOUCH WITH DR. BUCKNER OR DR. CRAGG. EVERY SECOND COUNTS! THIS STORM. AND WE'RE DESPERATELY SHORT-HANDED ON NURSES, TOO. I'M THE ONLY ONE AVAILABLE TO HELP YOU.

BUT I TOLD YOU, DOCTOR, THEY COULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL IN

FIGHTING TO CONTROL MYSELF, I TOOK THE NEEDED X-RAYS. WHEN I EXAMINED THEM..."

SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES---SHE NEEDS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION AT ONCE!

BUT---BUT I CAN'T OPERATE ALONE. WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS? A SLIP---A MOMENT OF UNCERTAINTY---AND I WOULD LOSE HESTER FOREVER!



"AND THEN, SUDDENLY, I CAUGHT A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. I TURNED ---TO BEHOLD AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT..."

THE GLOVES!
DR. MAREK'S GLOVES
---COMING TOWARD ME!



"IT WAS EERIE BEYOND BELIEF. AND YET THOSE GLOVES HELD NO MENACE FOR ME. THERE WAS A FIRMNESS, A SURENESS ABOUT THEIR MOVEMENTS..."

THEY'RE BECKONING TO ME---TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



"ALL AT ONCE I KNEW! I WAS AWARE WITH EVERY FIBRE OF MY BEING THAT SOMEONE WAS THERE IN THE ROOM WITH ME, SOMEONE WHO WAS TRYING TO REACH ME, TRYING TO GIVE ME COURAGE FOR WHAT MUST BE DONE..."

OPERATE!
YES, I UNDERSTAND. I MUST
OPERATE, OR
I'LL LOSE
HER!



"I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO THEN..."

NURSE BLAINE, I'LL OPERATE AT ONCE. YOU'LL ASSIST ME. WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE.

I'LL MAKE THE PREPARATION AT ONCE.



THESE SURGICAL GLOVES... I'D LIKE TO USE THEM IN THE OPERATION.

WE HAVE OTHERS READY, DOCTOR, BUT IF YOU PREFER THESE... I'LL STERILIZE THEM AT ONCE.

"THE OPERATION BEGAN. IN THE BEGINNING, IT WAS AS IF THOSE GLOVES INSPIRED ME. I WORKED SWIFTLY, SMOOTHLY, WITH NURSE BLAINE AT MY SIDE..."

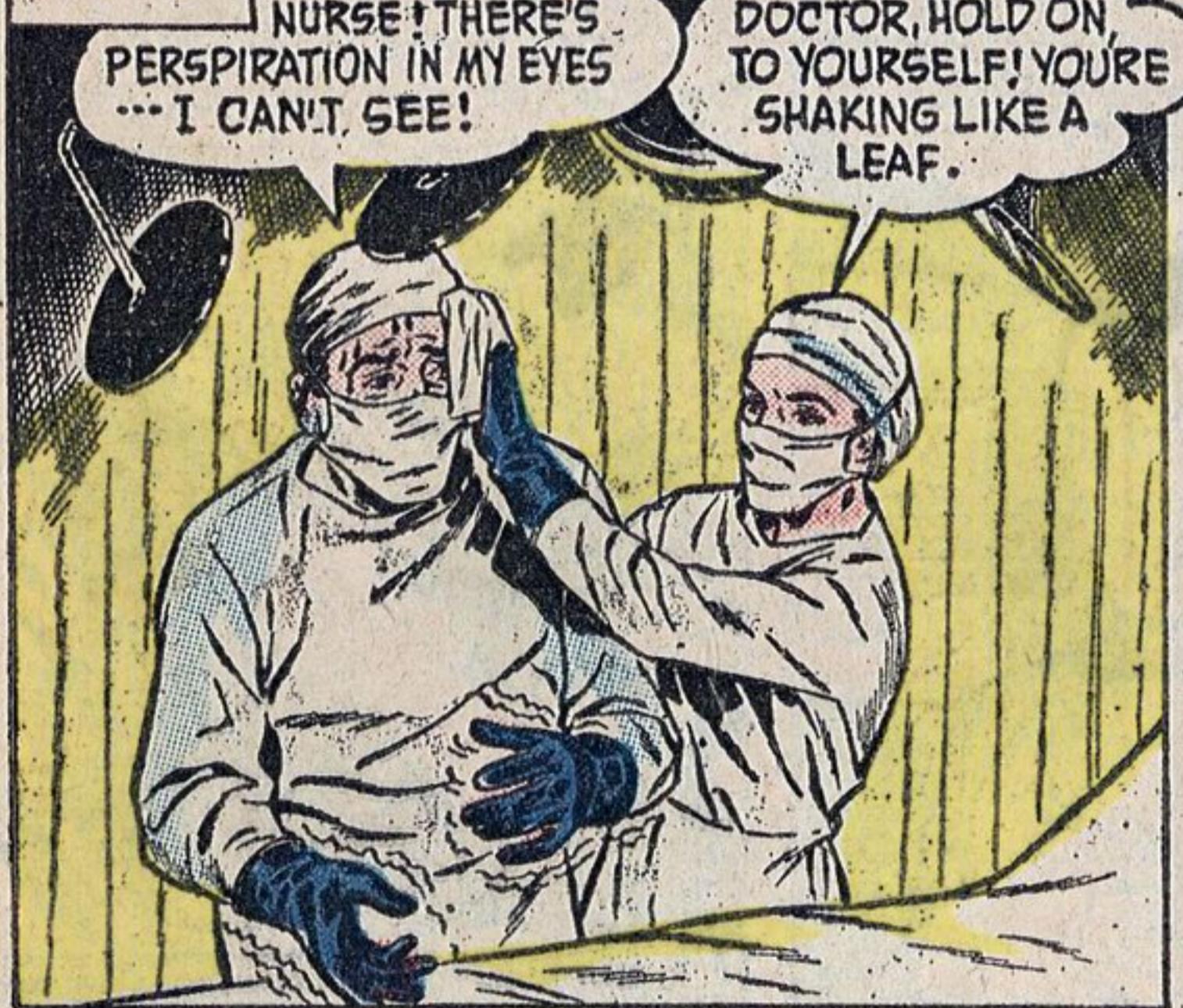
"AND THEN IT HAPPENED... THE SLIP I HAD DREADED..."



"FRANTICALLY, I TRIED TO CONTROL MY TREMBLING HANDS..."

NURSE! THERE'S PERSPIRATION IN MY EYES... I CAN'T SEE!

DOCTOR, HOLD ON, TO YOURSELF! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF.



"AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE TREMBLING LEFT MY HANDS. THEY BEGAN TO MOVE FIRMLY, SURELY..."

MY HANDS... THEY PICKED UP THE INSTRUMENTS... BUT IT WASN'T I THAT MOVED THEM!



"AND THEN I KNEW THE TRUTH. IT WAS THE GLOVES! THE GLOVES OF DR. MAREK WERE CONTROLLING MY HANDS, CONTROLLING EVERY SURE AND CERTAIN MOVE THEY MADE..."

DOCTOR, YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED... BUT YOUR HANDS... YOUR HANDS!



"AND THEN, IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER..."

SHE'S FAINTED! I'LL HAVE TO FINISH IT ALONE NOW!



"BUT I WASN'T ALONE. SOMEWHERE BESIDE ME I FELT A KINDLY PRESENCE--AND THOSE MIRACULOUS GLOVES WERE GUIDING MY EVERY MOVE! THEN, ABRUPTLY, I DIDN'T NEED THEIR HELP ANY LONGER! I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO..."

YES, THAT'S IT. MORE HAEMOSTATS TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD! AND NOW--



"AT LAST IT WAS OVER, JUST AS THE NURSE REVIVED..."

DOCTOR
---YOUR HANDS---THE GLOVES---I SAW THEM MOVING BY THEM-SELVES, AND---

YOU SAW NOTHING, NURSE BLAINE!



"MY VOICE WAS SURE AND CONFIDENT NOW AS I REASSURED THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN---"

YOU JUST PASSED OUT---IT MUST'VE BEEN THE STRAIN. NOW QUICKLY, TAKE HOLD OF YOURSELF!

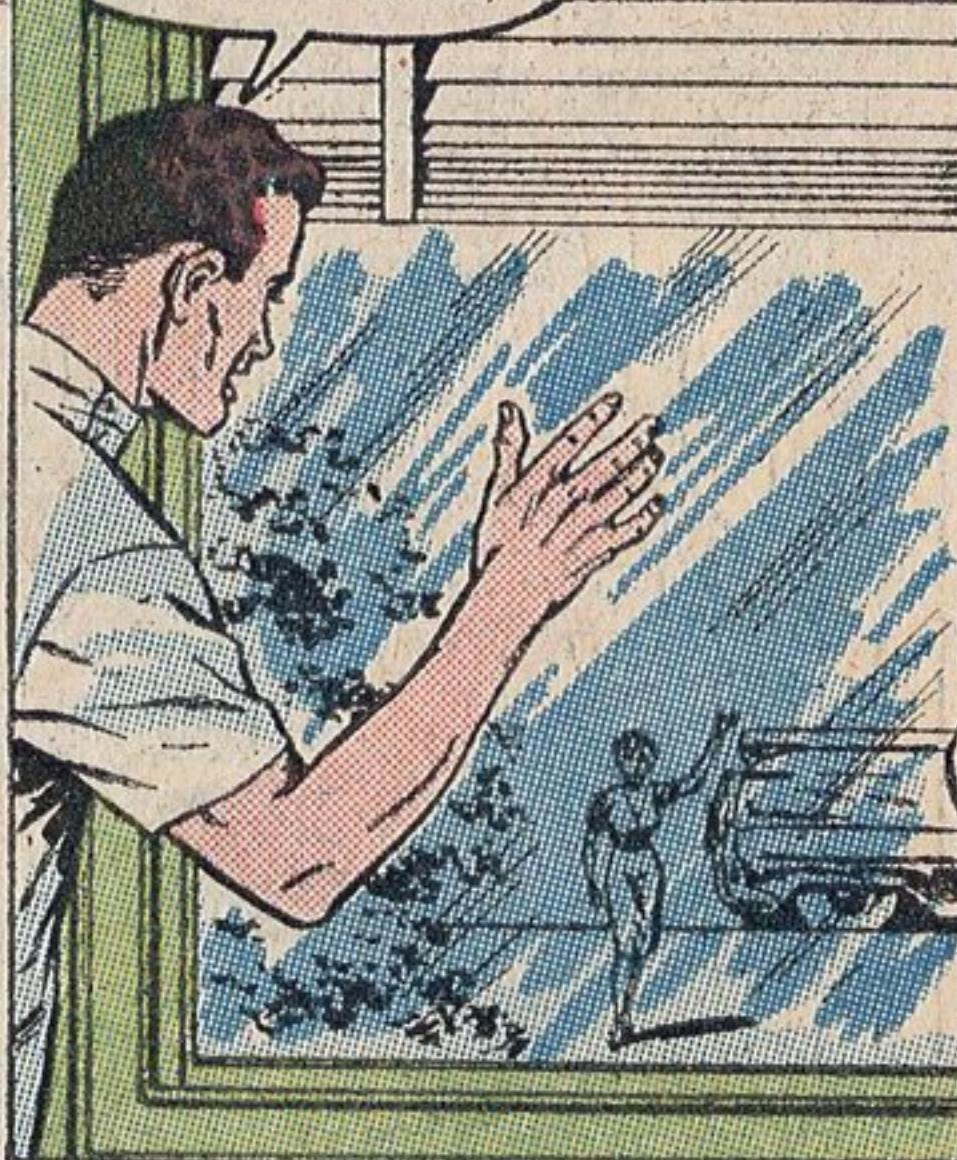
Y---YES SIR!



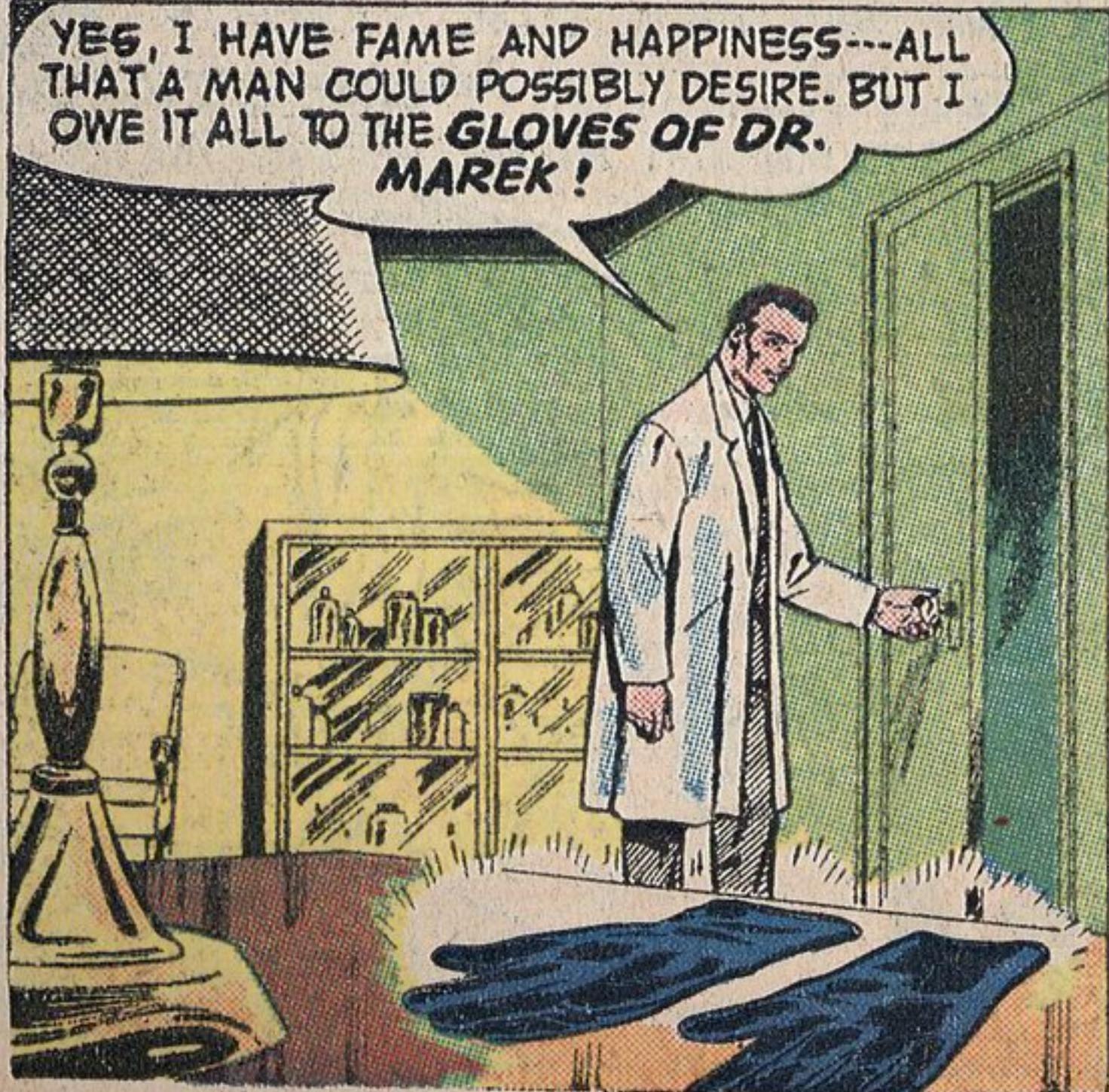
WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. THAT OPERATION GAVE ME THE CONFIDENCE I NEEDED! BEFORE LONG, MY ABILITY AS A SURGEON WAS RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE...



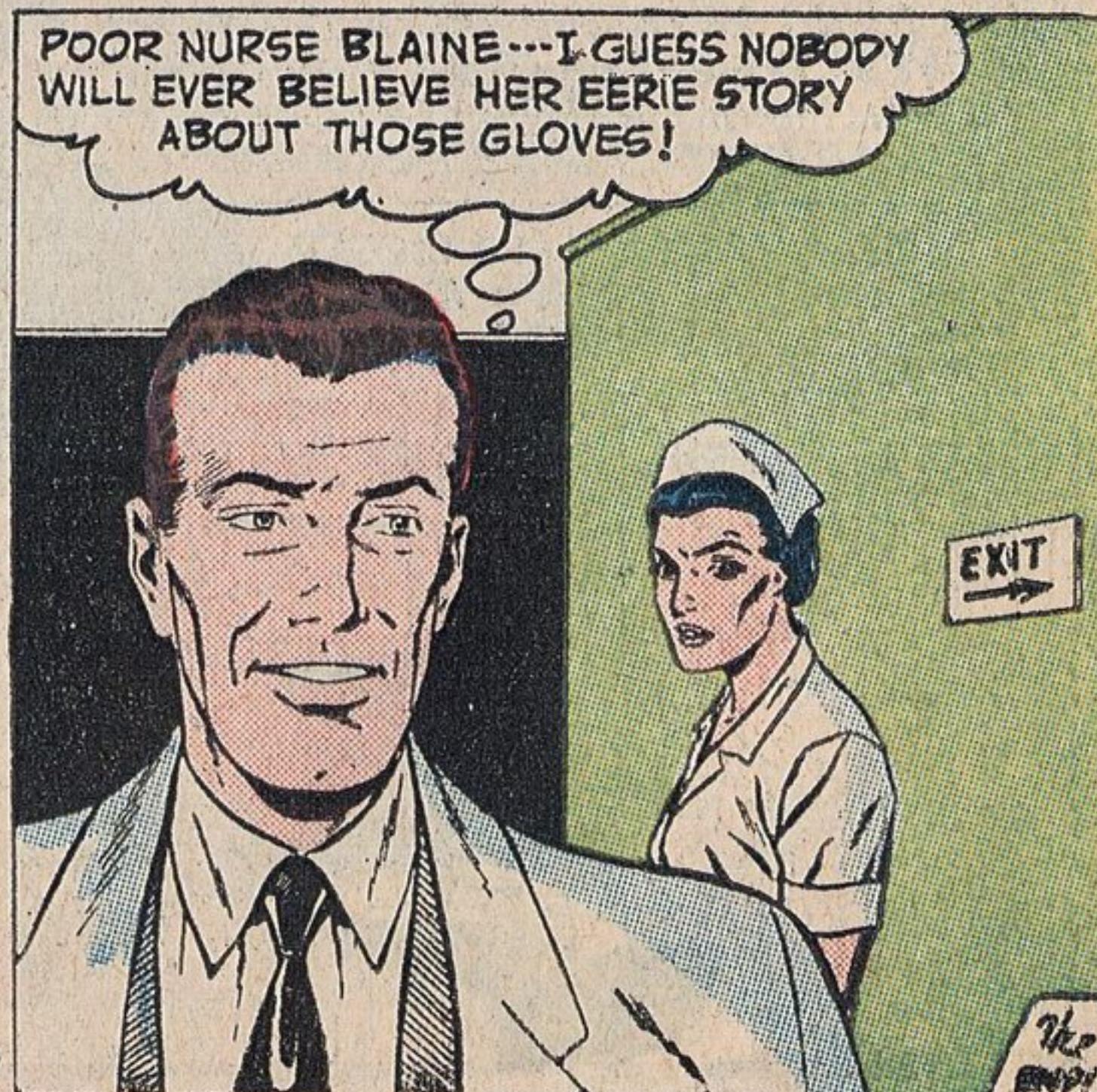
HESTER? WE'RE MARRIED NOW, OF COURSE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE SHE IS WAITING FOR ME NOW.



YES, I HAVE FAME AND HAPPINESS---ALL THAT A MAN COULD POSSIBLY DESIRE. BUT I OWE IT ALL TO THE **GLOVES OF DR. MAREK**!



POOR NURSE BLAINE---I GUESS NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE HER EERIE STORY ABOUT THOSE GLOVES!



150 CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS!

EACH GUN BOX CONTAINS:

6 GATLING MACHINE GUNS
30 CAVALRYMEN
30 INFANTRYMEN
18 SHARPSHOOTERS
18 FIELD CANNON
3 MERRIMAC SHIPS
6 HOSPITAL WAGONS
6 HOSPITAL NURSES
3 MONITOR SHIPS

6 SCOUTS
6 OFFICERS
6 SERGEANTS
6 BUGLERS
6 COAST MORTARS

\$149



TWO COMPLETE ARMIES - THE BLUES AND THE GREYS!
EACH PIECE OF MOLDED PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN
BASE MEASURING UP TO 4 INCHES!



JOSELY CO., Dept. W-20A
Carle Place

Long Island, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.49!

NO
C.O.D.'S

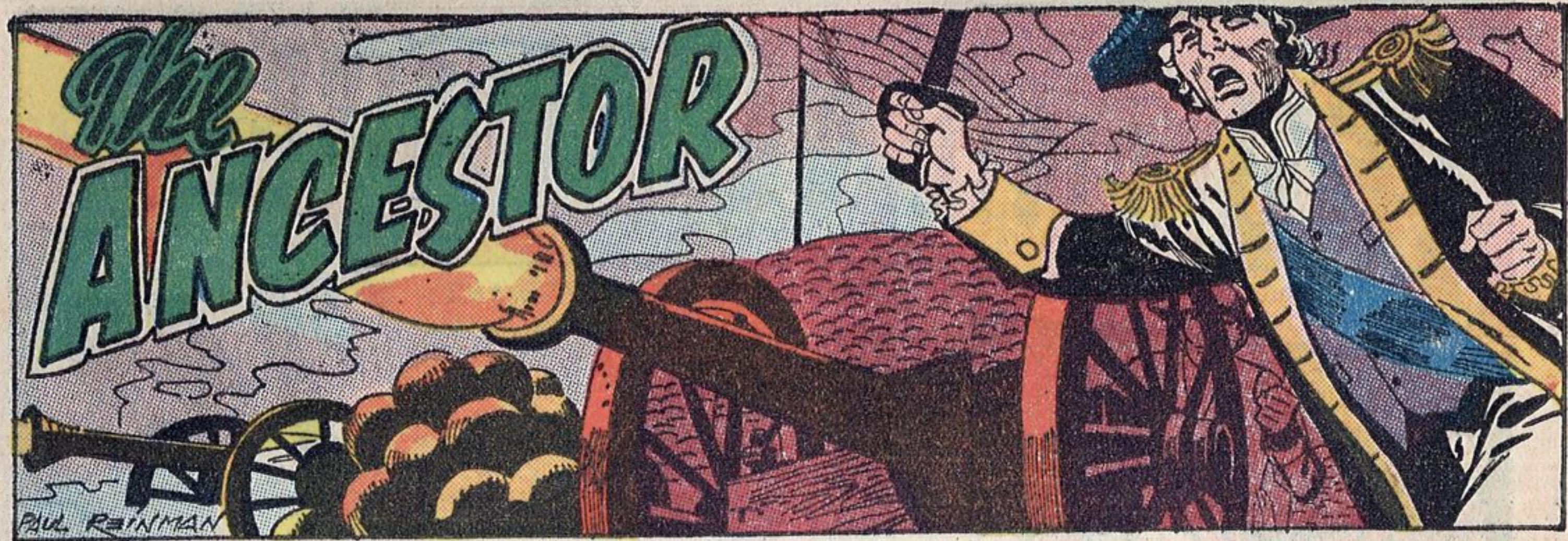
Rush the CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Limit one order per customer. Add 10¢ postage money order.



FOR GENERATIONS, THE HIGBEES HAD ANSWERED THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL. AND NOW, AS JOHN HIGBEE DEPARTED TO SERVE IN WORLD WAR II...

TO YOU, HIRAM HIGBEE, GENERAL OF THE ARTILLERY IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY! I HOPE I'M HALF THE SOLDIER YOU WERE!

IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE...

CAPTAIN HIGBEE, WE'RE TRAPPED... AND THAT TIGER TANK HAS US IN ITS SIGHTS!

WE'LL HAVE TO STICK IT OUT, BOYS! WE CAN'T RETREAT, OR THE WHOLE LINE WILL COLLAPSE!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE...

LOOKS LIKE OUR ARTILLERY FINALLY OPENED UP!

BAM BAM

BUT HOW'D THEY SPOT THAT TANK IN THIS FOG?

YES, IN SPITE OF THE MIST THE SHELL-FIRE WAS DEADLY ACCURATE...

THAT'S HER FINISH, CAPTAIN!

COME ON, MEN, WE'RE MOVING UP! WE'VE GOT THOSE NAZIS ON THE RUN!

BLAMM!!

BUT AS THEY PASSED THE BURNED-OUT TANK...

GOOD GRIEF, WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS SHELL WE THREW AT THEM! I DIDN'T THINK THE ARMY HAD AMMUNITION LIKE THIS ANYMORE!

YOU'RE RIGHT... SHELLS OF THAT TYPE HAVEN'T BEEN MADE SINCE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR! WHERE COULD IT HAVE COME FROM?

BUT BY THE TIME JOHN HIGBEE ARRIVED HOME SAFELY TWO YEARS LATER, HE HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT...

TO YOU, GENERAL! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

The END

From YOUR EDITOR-to YOU!

You know the address, readers. The Editor—"Forbidden Worlds"—347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. That's where your letter should go, telling us what you think of "Forbidden Worlds", its art and stories and anything else you'd like to register your opinion on. Here are some recent opinions sent in by folks, some of whom love us and others—well, judge for yourselves!

"Dear Editor:—

I just wanted to drop you a few lines to tell you what I think of 'Forbidden Worlds'. I will be frank and exact in telling you how this marvelous book appears through my eyes. First of all, I would like to mention that a few stories were exceptionally good. They are as follows: 'There's A New Moon Tonight', in No. 65—'The Strength Of Ten', in No. 69, which had an amazing twist—'In The Beginning', in No. 76, which I rate as superb—'The Man Who Knew Tomorrow', in No. 44—an old one, but wonderful. There are many others I would like to cite, but I think that 'Mr. Miggs From Mercury', which appeared in No. 42, was about the best. In general, I think your artwork is beautiful, especially your covers. Your plots and stories are unusually good, but some are corny, such as—well, to tell you the truth, I only found one that was really corny. That was 'Somewhere I'll Find You', in No. 75.

—Ken Cole, Oaklawn, Ill."

We appreciate the compliments you've paid us, Ken, and hope that we really deserve them. On the subject of corniness, we admit that we've been gloriously guilty on too many occasions, when we've hammed it up for fair. However, we don't think we were guilty as regards "Somewhere I'll Find You". That one was different, in our estimation, and not at all corny! But we could name lots of others where we did fall down!

"Dear Editor:—

I like 'Forbidden Worlds' very much. I also enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. No. 78 was a great issue of the former—the best I've read in a long time. I don't like your one-page stories at all, but I do love your mags. Out of your great No. 78 issue, the best story was 'The Oracle Stone', which was the best story I've read in a long time. Why don't you print a 25c book? I've heard a lot about 'There's A New Moon Tonight'—will you tell me in what issue it appeared? Why don't you make 'From Your Editor To You' three pages? Why don't you print a story or two about Hot Rods? In closing, everybody loves you around here!

—Kay Simpson, Pasadena, Calif."

You can't get very much plot into a one-pager, Kay, and that's probably why you don't like them—but we need them occasionally as fill-ins to round

out an issue. Now let's get to your questions. "There's A New Moon Tonight" appeared in issue No. 65. We might consider making this department three pages if the majority of our readers wanted us to—but we'll have to hear from a lot of them on this subject first. We'd rather not print a 25c book because that price might be out of the range of too many of our readers. About this hot rod jazz—do you mean a weird story involving them? In closing, we love you, too!

"Dear Editor:—

I just read your May issue. In general, it stunk. But that isn't unusual, most all of them do. 'The Stray' was the worst story I ever read. 'The Oracle Stone' was just as bad. Your fake letter writer is as good as ever. The advertising is more interesting than the stories. This magazine is the worst piece of trash ever printed. I know you won't print this letter in the book that is so close to your hearts. (That line killed me.) If you print this I'll really be surprised. You can't afford to lose even a few of your readers. I don't know why I took the time to write this. It's only another ten minutes wasted. The other wasted ten minutes was when I read your ridiculous book.

—Mike Bullard, Spangdahlem, Germany"

Case study: The typical writer of the common or garden variety crank letter knows only one rule—attract attention. This is done by insulting the unlucky object of his letter. He doesn't believe in constructive criticism, he'd rather tear down. Part of his ammunition consists of charges of dishonesty—forged letters, in this case. The usual crank letter then proceeds to express the doubt that his words will ever see the light of day—virtually daring us to publish it, in other words. This is done in an effort to get the letter in question into print. Please, Mike—do you have to go in for this sort of stuff? Actually, sincerity is the best way to get your letter reprinted. We don't mind how adverse the criticism, as long as it's in good faith. We don't really think you mean the things you said, because if most of our issues were as bad as you indicated, you'd have had to be out of your mind to keep buying them—and we don't think you're out of your mind!

"Dear Editor:—

I've been reading 'Forbidden Worlds' for about six months now. I hated science fiction before I started reading it, but as soon as I got your November issue, I became a strange story fan. I just adored 'A Highly Localized Snowfall' in your issue No. 74, and in No. 78, I think that the story 'The Stray' was the best I have ever read. Your magazine is the most—keep up the good work!

—Catherine Sroles, Wormes, Germany"

Funny, isn't it? Another letter from Germany, as was the one above. But what a difference! Whereas

Miss Bullard calls "The Army" the ~~best~~ story she ever read, Catherine hails it as the best!

"Dear Editor:—

I can describe your magazine, 'Forbidden Worlds', in only one word—great! My all-time favorite is 'Herbie's Quiet Saturday Afternoon', in your No. 73 issue. Would you tell me who wrote this story, please? I noticed that Ogden Whitney does all the covers for you. Would you tell me why? I'll tell you one thing—you guys are fools to charge ten cents when you could get fifteen. Your magazine is just great. Keep up the very good work you're capable of doing. Thank you.

—Al Sears, New York, N. Y."

"Herbie" was a cutie-pie, all right—we think Bob Standish wrote that one. Ogden Whitney does our covers because of the bold, attractive type of illustration which he employs. We keep to our ten cent price to keep our magazine within the range of the greatest number of buyers.

"Dear Editor:—

I think you've got a terrific mag in *Forbidden Worlds*. In issue No. 76, 'In The Beginning' was superb—best I've read in a long time. 'The Glittering Nightmare' was also very good. It's a wonderful example of the pathetic scientist who spends his lifetime proving his unbelievable theory, only to have it destroyed and his mind with it. 'Professor Benton's Betters' was fair. 'The Second Henry Stone' was the only flaw in the issue. I just didn't go for it. I've been reading *Forbidden Worlds* for some time now and I have only one comment—improve your art! I'd say that it sure could be improved on. Your two best artists are Ogden Whitney and Al Williamson. A loyal fan—

—Gregory Greene, Bayside, N. Y."

We're always interested in improving our art, Gregory—but do we have to? We had thought that we were rather strong in that particular department, but it's what our readers think that counts. What do you say, all you other readers? Is Greg right? We could be wrong—and if we are, we'll get busy fast!

"Dear Editor:—

I've just finished reading Issue No. 79 of 'Forbidden Worlds' and it was great. 'The Man Who Couldn't Be Stopped' had a strange twist at the end that made it more exciting than usual. 'Island With A Secret' was fair, but it was not up to the standard I've learned to expect from 'Forbidden Worlds'. 'The Hunt' was a realistic step into the Unknown, but 'The Strange Case of Uncle Hoober' was my favorite story in that issue. One thing bothers me, though. People who want to see their names in your magazine write a crank letter and then end it with 'I'll bet you won't print this', or something like that. When are they going to learn that if they want to say something against your magazine, there is an adult way to do it. In closing, I would like to say that as many readers have stated in letters to your magazine, I should like to see a 'Forbidden Worlds' annual, because I have missed your early issues. Thanks for a great magazine!

—Michael Sussennoff, Elmhurst, N. Y."

Look us eye to eye with us, Michael, on the subject of those destructive letters. And now, about the matter of an annual—there are a good many fans who are rooting for one—but as yet, not quite enough to make us take the necessary step. You see, many fans have stated that they wouldn't be interested in buying a magazine containing stories they've already read.

"Dear Editor:—

I am an avid science fiction fan and I enjoy 'Forbidden Worlds' very much. I have just finished reading issue No. 78. It was very good, especially 'Queen Of Uranus'. Ogden Whitney never ceases to amaze me. I would, however, like to make a suggestion. In 'From Your Editor To You', why not list the full address of each letter writer? Then we could correspond with others who feel the same way that we do. Also, it would be a big boon to my friends and me, as we are forming a nationwide fan club for science fiction fans. We already have members in 12 cities across the nation. You could really help us a lot by following my suggestion. Thanks!

—Billy Joe Platt, Science Fiction Anonymous, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Ala."

A lot of interesting letters and new friendships could result from this, fans. What do you think of the idea—about listing addresses as well as names, that is?

"Dear Editor:—

Let me compliment you on your magazine. 'Forbidden Worlds' is the best I've ever read. I've just finished the June issue, and I liked all the stories. 'The Man Who Couldn't Be Stopped' was great. 'Island With A Secret' was stupendous, 'The Hunt' terrific. And 'The Strange Case Of Uncle Hoober' was real funny. Incidentally, I don't like to be called an idiot by people like Steve Gorman. This is the first time I've ever written to any magazine, and I sure hope you print my letter in your next issue. My mom likes to read your fine book too—we seldom miss an issue. A faithful reader—

—Bobby Meadows, St. Louis, Mo."

"*Forbidden Worlds* is a family affair in many homes. People like exciting reading—and that's the way we try to point our stories!

"Dear Editor:—

I have an abundance of back-date 'Forbidden Worlds' and 'Adventures Into The Unknown' that I want to get rid of. If any of your readers wish any of the following, please have them contact me. 'Forbidden Worlds'—Numbers 1, 7, 20, 21, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 48, 49, and 51 through 77, inclusive. 'Adventures Into The Unknown'—21, 27, 28, 39, 42, 44, 51, 57, 58, 59, 63, 68, 76, 77, and 79 through 107, inclusive. I want other readers to have as much pleasure in reading them as I did. —Frank Nuessel, 14412 Normal, Chicago 27, Ill."

We have just received this letter from Frank. Since we are not in a position to furnish back issues, we reprint it solely in the interests of those readers who might like to contact him on this subject.

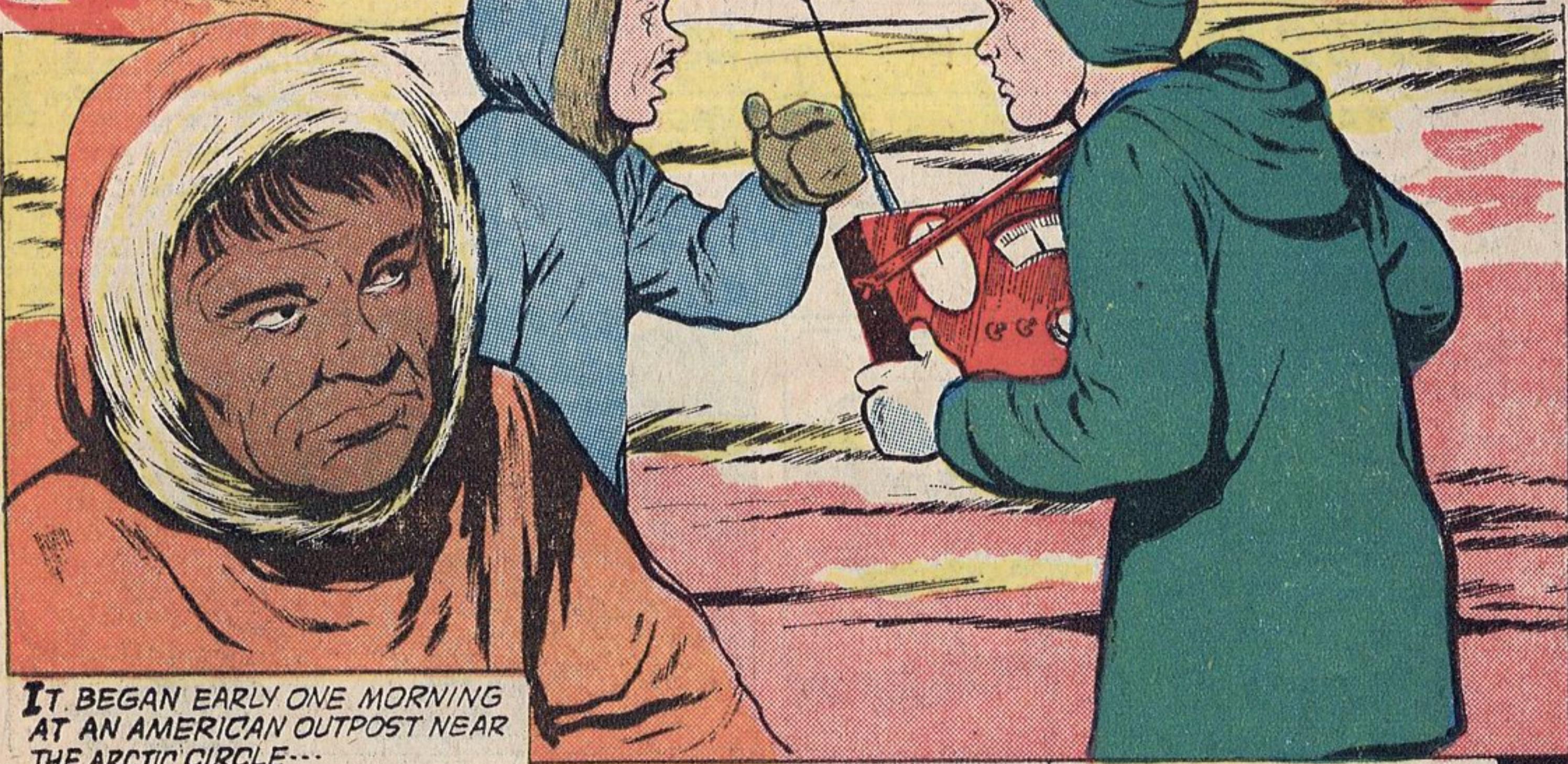
NEVER BEFORE HAD DANGER BEEN SO MENACING, SO IMMINENT! AND ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN IT AND AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD'S ANNIHILATION WERE THE TWO SCIENTISTS AND THE ESKIMO...

IGNOK!

W-WHAT
IS IT,
COLLINS?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'VE
GOT THE FEELING IT'S THE
GREATEST MENACE
HUMANITY'S EVER
FACED!

STORY:-
JAMES R.
THOMPSON
ART:-
JOHN R.



IT BEGAN EARLY ONE MORNING
AT AN AMERICAN OUTPOST NEAR
THE ARCTIC CIRCLE...

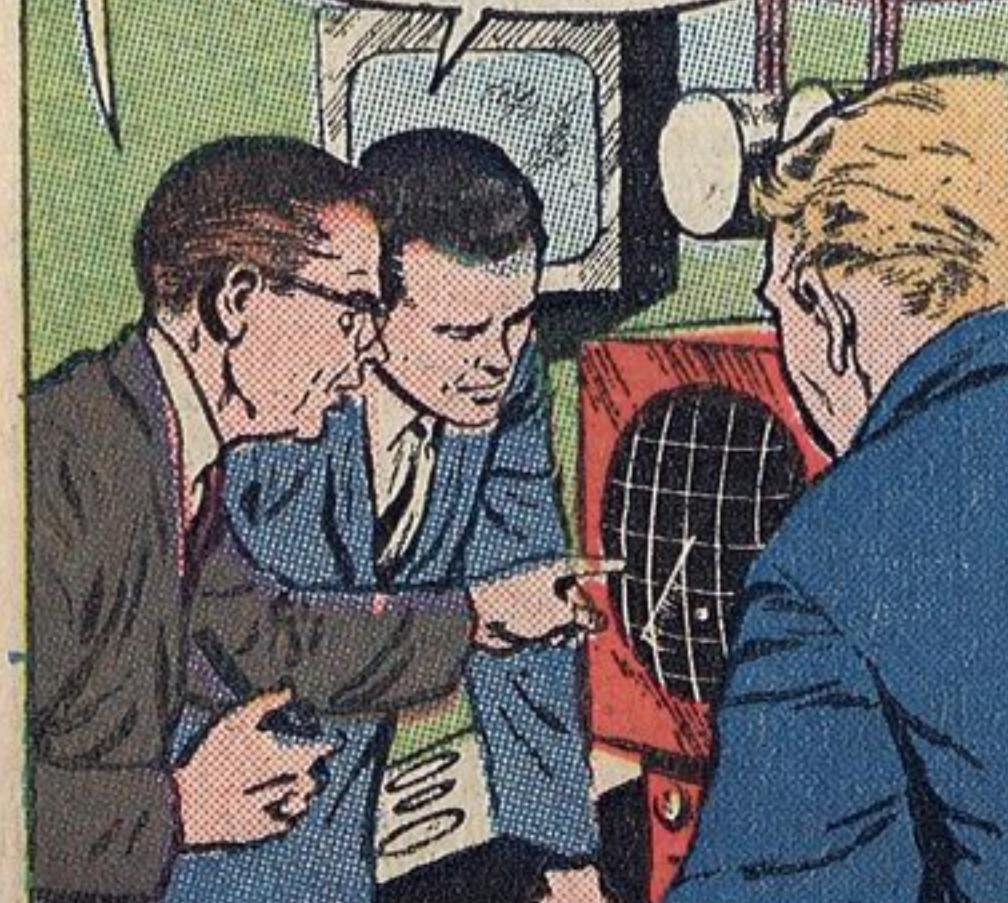
THERE'S THAT STRANGE SIGNAL
ON THE RADAR SCREEN AGAIN!
ONLY THIS TIME IT'S STRONGER!

BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE! THERE'S NOTHING
OUT THERE BUT FROZEN
WASTELAND!

RADAR DOESN'T LIE, COLLINS!
SOMETHING IS OUT THERE AND
IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR JOB TO
FIND OUT **WHAT**!

YES,
SIR!

YOU'LL GO WITH COLLINS,
STONE! HAVE YOUR GEAR READY
AND PACKED WITHIN THE HOUR!
WE'LL FLY YOU AS FAR NORTH AS
WE CAN LAND. THE REST OF THE
WAY WILL HAVE TO BE BY SLED!



THEIR PLANE TOOK THEM AS FAR NORTH AS BARLOW POINT...

FRANKLY, COLLINS, I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS, NOT ONE BIT! AND THIS **IGNOOK** SCARCELY LOOKS TRUSTWORTHY TO ME!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT **IGNOOK**! I HEAR THAT HE'S THE BEST GUIDE THIS COUNTRY HAS TO OFFER, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

WELL, IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! HE STRIKES ME AS A DULL-WITTED CREATURE, AND WHEN I THINK THAT I'M ENTRUSTING MY LIFE TO...

FORGET IT, STONE! IT'S TOO LATE NOW FOR GRISES!



WITH THE CRACK OF **IGNOOK**'S WHIP, THE DOGS BROKE AWAY IN A BURST OF SPEED...

MALLA, INAAK... OOKAR!



THIS SIMPLE-MINDED SAVAGE DOESN'T HELP MATTERS ANY! I'M NO SNOB, COLLINS, BUT THIS CREATURE IS SO CLOSE TO THE ANIMAL LEVEL...

LUCKY FOR YOU HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!

FOR TWO DAYS THEY SLICED FORWARD THROUGH THE FROZEN WASTELAND...

WE STILL KNOW AS LITTLE AS WHEN WE STARTED! FRANKLY, COLLINS, THIS WHOLE ADVENTURE IS A BIT SENSELESS... LOOKING FOR SOMETHING WHICH IN ALL PROBABILITY DOESN'T EXIST!

I KNOW, STONE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO CHECK IT OUT AND BE SURE! AFTER ALL, THAT STRANGE BLIP ON THE RADAR SCREEN MUST HAVE MEANT SOMETHING!



AS COLLINS MADE A ROUTINE CHECK WITH THE MAGNETIC FIELD INDICATOR...

THERE ISN'T MUCH HE **DOES** UNDERSTAND! LOOK AT HIM GO AT HIS FOOD... NO DIFFERENT THAN THE DOGS!

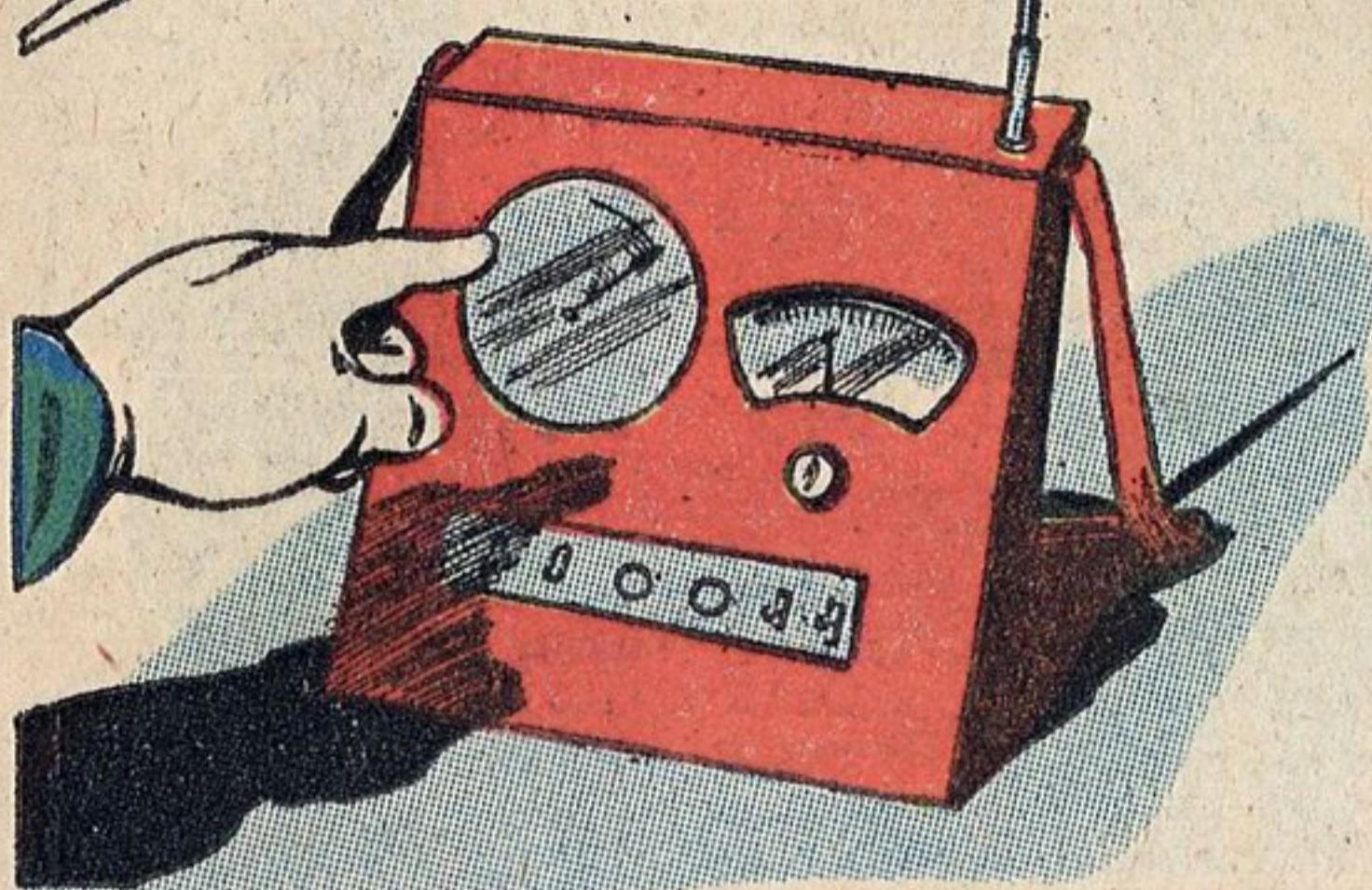
CRITICIZE IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I THINK I'LL TAKE A FEW READINGS AND THEN TURN IN!

STONE! COME HERE! SOMETHING'S GONE HAYWIRE!



LOOK AT THE NEEDLE! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! SOME UNUSUALLY POWERFUL FORCE IS AFFECTING IT, AND IT CAN'T BE FAR OFF!

LET'S TRY PLOTTING A DIRECTIONAL!



SLOWLY THEY EDGED INTO THE POLAR NIGHT...

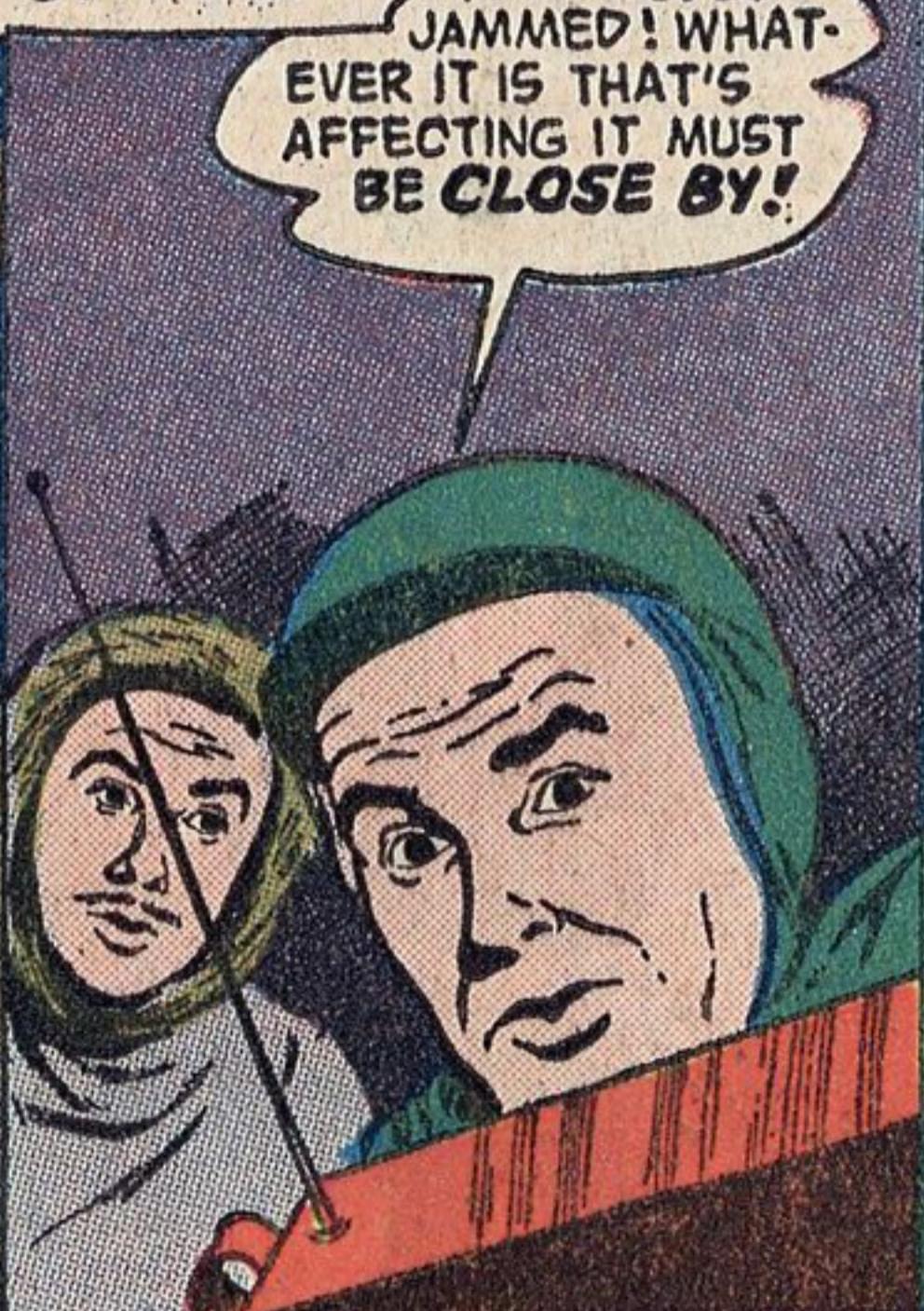
WHAT ABOUT THE READINGS?

GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME! WE'RE HEADING RIGHT, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!



SUDDENLY...

THE NEEDLE JAMMED! WHAT-EVER IT IS THAT'S AFFECTING IT MUST BE CLOSE BY!



IMPASSIVE AS EVER, UNAFFECTED BY THE EXCITEMENT OF THE TWO SCIENTISTS, IGNOOK SQUATTED ON HIS HEELS BESIDE THE FLICKERING FLAMES...

MY FIXES READ FOURTEEN BY TWENTY-TWO, ECHO-STRENGTH THREE FARADS AND RISING STEADILY!

CHECK! BUT---BUT THAT MEANS THE DISTURBANCE SOURCE MUST BE WITHIN A 2000 YARD RADIUS! DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?



THEN A SNARLING, ALMOST ANIMAL SOUND INTERRUPTED THEM...

IT'S IGNOOK! WHAT IS THE BRUTE UP TO?

I DON'T KNOW, STONE! IT... IT'S AS IF HE SENSES SOMETHING...



GOOD HEAVENS, STONE! UP AHEAD ---LOOK!

OH, NO!... WHAT DO YOU FIGURE... IT IS?



IT BECAME STRONGER BY THE MOMENT, A STRANGE LIGHT THAT PULSATED FITFULLY...

COULD IT BE---SOME KIND OF MIRAGE? M---MAYBE THE NORTHERN LIGHTS...

IT'S MORE THAN THAT ---FAR MORE!

THEN, LIKE SOMETHING EMERGING FROM OUT OF A FANTASTIC DREAM---

IT'S SOME KIND OF SPACESHIP! A SAUCER---

IT'S MATERIALIZING OUT OF THAT LIGHT ---BUT HOW?



SECOND BY SECOND THE DETAILS SHARPENED, TOOK ON SOLIDITY. WITH AN ALMOST INAUDIBLE CLICK, THE PORT SLID OPEN...

SOMETHING'S COMING OUT!

EASY, NOW! DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES! WHATEVER IT IS, GIVE IT A CHANCE!

THEY WAITED AS THE CREATURE CAME FORWARD, COMING TO A HALT SOME YARDS AWAY. SILENTLY THE SECONDS TICKED BY...

W-WHY DOES IT JUST STARE? WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...

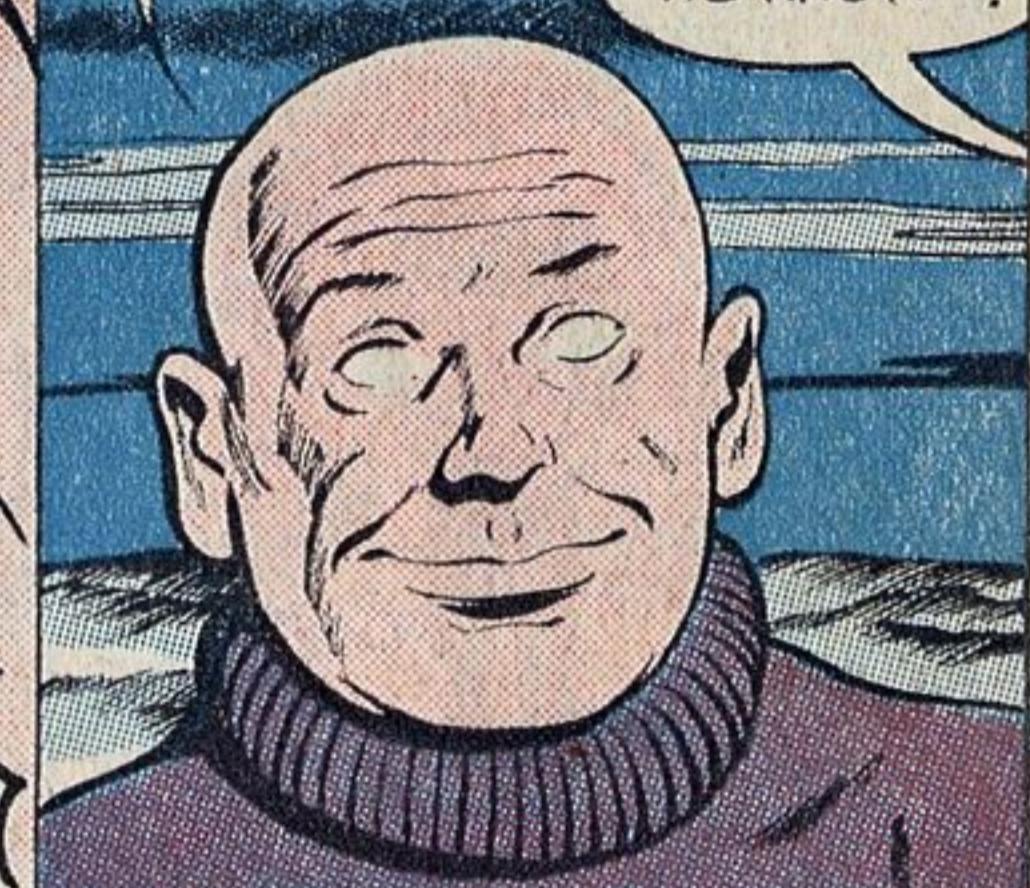
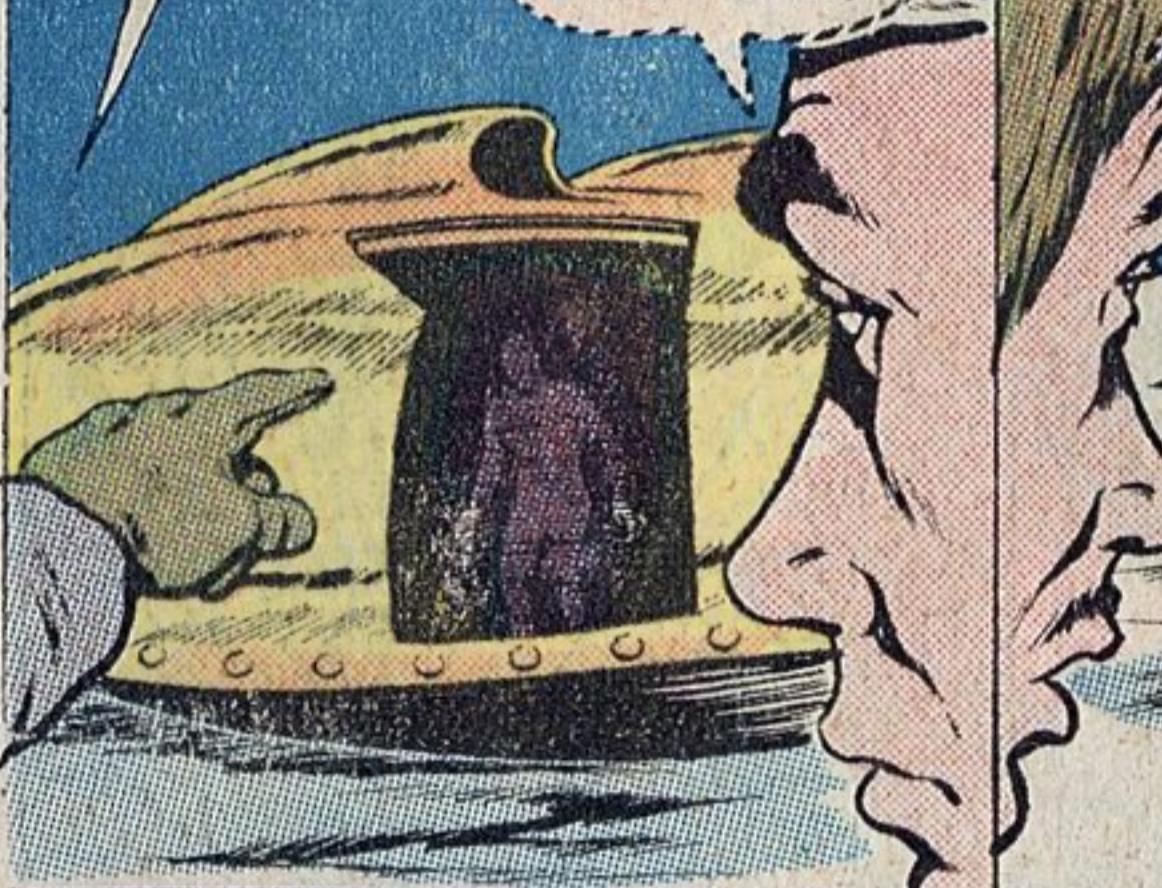
GIVE IT TIME! IT'S OUR SAFEST BET!

TO THEIR SURPRISE...

YOU WILL FORGIVE MY STARING, BUT IT TOOK ME A FULL MINUTE TO ABSORB THE CONTENTS OF YOUR MINDS ALONG WITH YOUR LANGUAGE AND MEANS OF SPEECH! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!

JANOS OF THE PLANET ZYLOX!

ONE MINUTE TO READ OUR MINDS... ABSORB ALL WE KNOW...?



ALIGHTING ON YOUR PLANET WAS PURELY AN ERROR! MY DESTINATION WAS **EPHOS** IN THE THIRD GALAXY, BUT MY SPACECRAFT DEVELOPED BALLAST TROUBLE AND I HAD TO LAND FOR EMERGENCY REPAIRS! HOWEVER, I DO NOT REGRET IT ONE BIT!

NEITHER SHALL OUR WORLD, I ASSURE YOU!

YOU MAY BE **WRONG**, EARTHMEN! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A PLANET SUCH AS YOURS! ONE CONTAINING A LIFE FORM WE COULD DOMINATE, MOLD TO OUR PURPOSES!

NO!



BUT YES! WHEN I RETURN, I WILL TURN IN MY REPORT! OUR INVASION WILL BE PROMPT AND OVERWHELMING! NO ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF YOUR KIND COULD DETER US! YOU WILL NOT EVEN SEE US COMING! OUR SPACE FLEET WILL BE INVISIBLE, JUST AS MY OWN CRAFT WAS A FEW MOMENTS AGO!

YOU'LL NEVER... I CAN'T MOVE! SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME!



IT'S GOT ME TOO! WE'RE TRAPPED!

OF COURSE! I HAVE DOMINATED THE THOUGHT PROCESSES OF YOUR BRAINS, FROZEN YOUR REFLEXES! IT CORRESPONDS TO WHAT YOU WOULD CALL AN HYPNOTIC TRANCE! YOU WILL REMAIN IN THIS STATE UNTIL MY DEPARTURE!



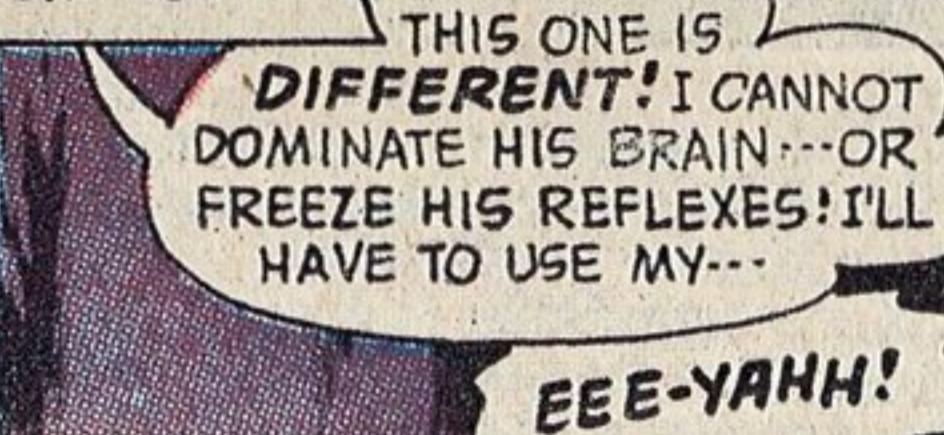
BUT SUDDENLY A STRANGE, SNARLING SOUND FILLED THE AIR...

GR-RRR...



WITH A BULL-LIKE ROAR, IGNOOK CHARGED...

THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT! I CANNOT DOMINATE HIS BRAIN... OR FREEZE HIS REFLEXES! I'LL HAVE TO USE MY...



EEE-YAHH!

WITH ONE LEAP IGNOOK WAS UPON HIM, THE ALIEN PRESENCE FILLING HIM WITH FURY AS HIS WEAPON DESCENDED...

OH-HH!



WITH STAGGERING STEPS, THE CREATURE LURCHED TOWARD HIS CRAFT...



ONCE AGAIN THERE WAS THAT STRANGE, PULSATING GLOW...



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT...

IT'S BLOWING UP! DESTROYED!



NOW THE STRANGE POWER THAT HELD THEM CAPTIVE WAS BROKEN...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, COLLINS?

HE WAS DONE FOR...AND HE KNEW IT! IT'S MY GUESS HE BLEW UP THE SHIP--RATHER THAN HAVE IT FALL INTO OUR HANDS...



AND WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THEIR CAMP SITE...

HE SAVED MORE THAN OUR LIVES! HE SAVED THE WORLD!

WE KNOW IT, STONE, BUT I DOUBT IF **IGNOOK**

KNOWS IT! HE'S A PRIMITIVE CREATURE, JUST AS YOU SAID, BUT IT PROVED TO BE OUR SALVATION!

INSTINCT SENT HIM AT THAT ALIEN CREATURE, THE WAY AN ANIMAL WOULD LEAP AT ITS NATURAL ENEMY! **IGNOOK** IS A SIMPLE CREATURE, SO SIMPLE THE THING FROM SPACE FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DOMINATE HIS REFLEXES! YOU AND I, STONE, WITH OUR SMUGNESS AND OUR INTELLECT--WE FAILED!

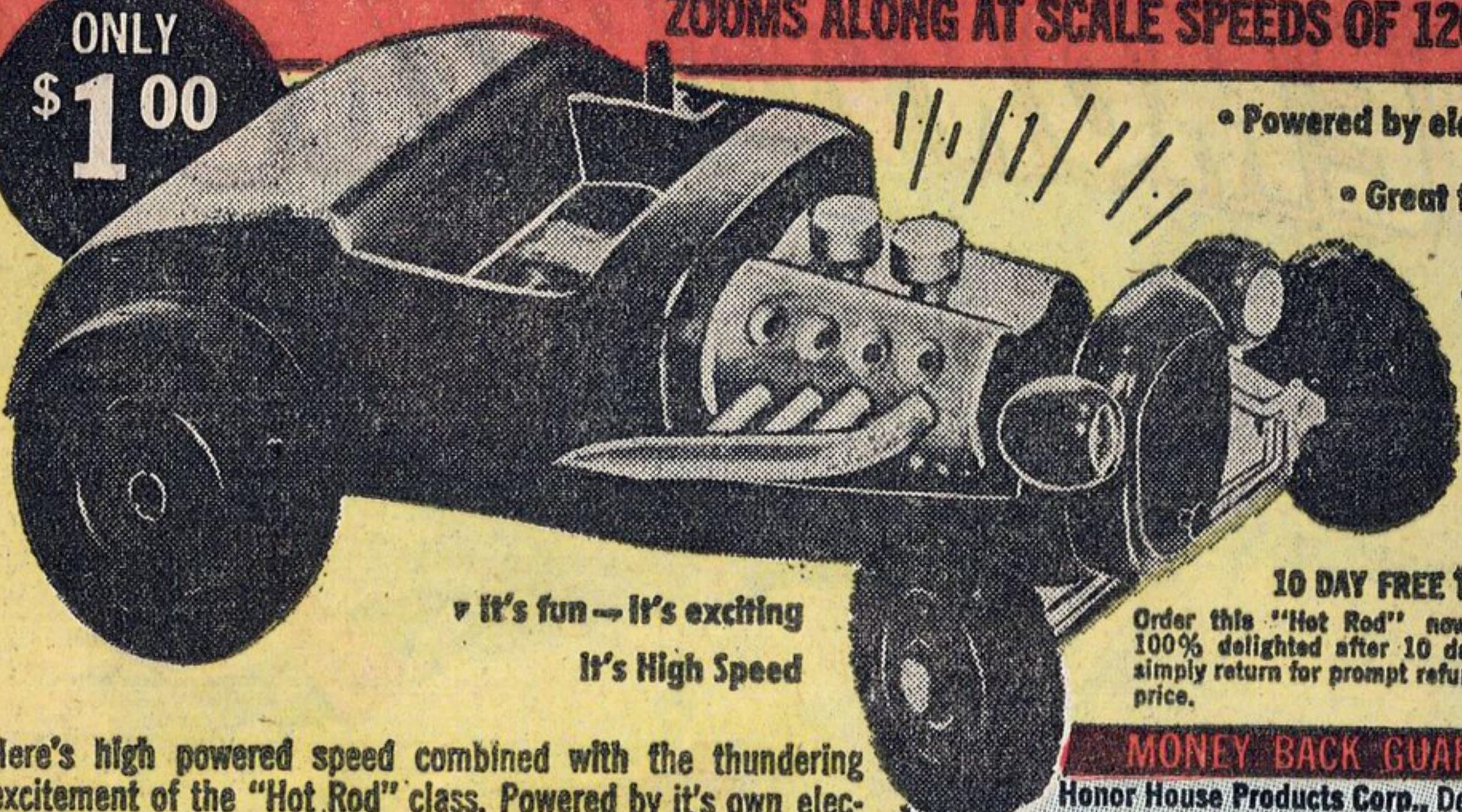
AND THE THINGS I SAID ABOUT HIM! THAT HE DIDN'T LOOK TRUSTWORTHY, THAT WE WERE FOOLS TO TRUST OUR LIVES IN HIS HANDS! I WAS THE FOOL, COLLINS--THE BIGGEST FOOL OF ALL!



BUILD YOUR OWN HOT ROD

ZOOMS ALONG AT SCALE SPEEDS OF 120 M.P.H.

ONLY
\$1 00



It's fun -- It's exciting
It's High Speed

Here's high powered speed combined with the thundering excitement of the "Hot Rod" class. Powered by its own electric motors, this marvelous automotive miracle will give you a thrill as it zooms along at scale speeds of 120 M.P.H. Realistic in detail, it's great fun to build, and even more fun to race around curves, over hills and on the thundering straightaway. Imagine the thrill as this speed-merchant outraces all the other kids in the neighborhood. And it's great fun to build. Complete with all parts and instructions. Only \$1 plus 25¢ shipping charges.

• Powered by electric motor

• Great fun to build

• Goes around
curves --
over hills

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order this "Hot Rod" now. If you are not 100% delighted after 10 day Free Trial then simply return for prompt refund of full purchase price.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp., Dept. ML-49
Lynbrook, New York

Rush me my "Hot Rod" at once. If I am not 100% delighted after 10 Day Free Trial I will return for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$1 plus 25¢ shipping charges. Same Money Back Guarantee
 Send COD. I will pay postman on delivery plus shipping charges & COD.

Name.....

Address.....

A REAL MOBILE TANK

Over 6 Ft. Long

ONLY
\$4.98

FEATURES

- Intercom system
- Revolving turret
- Elevating 75MM cannon
- Co-axial machine gun
- Range-finder sight for pin-pointing targets
- Real periscope permits you to see the enemy without exposing yourself
- 2 way radio controls
- Whip antenna and flag

Large Enough for Two Kids
But Can Be Handled By One

It's Mobile -- Pilot gets INSIDE -- Gun Swivel -- Turret Turns

Imagine your thrill when you get inside this authentic replica of the mighty "General Patton" tank and power forward to adventure. This six foot tank of equipment is as realistic with its mighty cannon, swiveling machine gun, simulated tracks, and other authentic tank features that it's bound to bring squeals of delight from any young warrior. And, when you and a pal get right down into the fully equipped control room and close the cockpit cover -- you can let your's using your mobile power to devastate every imaginary enemy in your path. Sturdily constructed for long periods of fun, it's bound to bring more thrills and adventure than you've ever known from a toy. So don't delay! Act now. Only \$4.98. Because of its gigantic size, we are forced to add for an additional 65¢ shipping charges.

10 Day Free Trial

Order this sensational "General Patton" Tank on 10 day free trial. If you are not 100% delighted then your purchase price will be refunded.

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Dept. TK-77

Rush my "General Patton" Tank at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return after 10 day free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$4.98 plus 65¢ shipping charge.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charge.

Name.....

Address.....

IN HIS LONG YEARS AT SEA, BRETT CARTER WOULD SEE MANY STRANGE AND FANTASTIC SIGHTS, BUT NEVER WOULD HE FORGET THE INCREDIBLE THING THAT MEN CALLED--

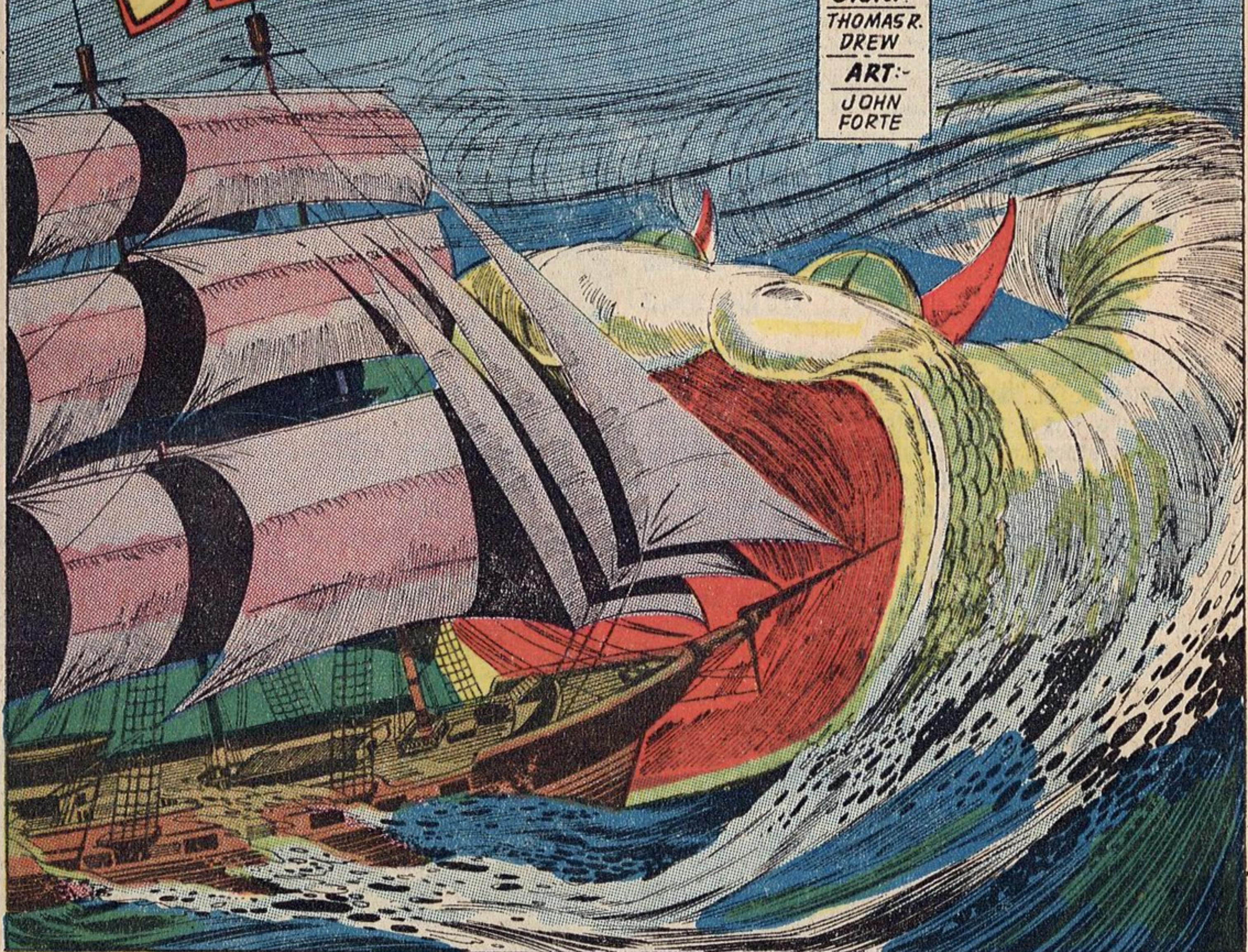
The DEMON of the WIND!

STORY:-

THOMAS R.
DREW

ART:-

JOHN
FORTE



FROM THE BEGINNING YOUNG CARTER'S FIRST VOYAGE WAS DOGGED BY BAD LUCK! NOW IN A DISTANT CORNER OF THE WORLD HIS VESSEL WAS TRAPPED IN DEAD CALM---

CAPTAIN CORBY,
WE'VE BEEN BECALMED
HERE FOR TWO WEEKS.
YOU KNOW THE WEATHER
IN THESE WATERS ---
ISN'T THERE ANY HOPE
FOR A BREEZE?

I'VE DONE WHAT
I CAN, SIR. I'VE
SENT A LONG-
BOAT CREW
DOWN THE COAST
TO PORT ORIENT
---TO BRING
BACK SHANGHAI
SAM!

SHANGHAI
SAM? IN
HEAVEN'S
NAME, WHO
IS THAT?

EVERY SEAMAN
WHO'S EVER
SAILED THESE
WATERS HAS
HEARD OF OLD
SAM! HE'S ONLY
A RAGGED NATIVE
PILOT, BUT---WELL
---HE HAS A WAY
WITH THE WIND!

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT CARTER
SAW IT --- THE TINY VESSEL THAT SLIP
OVER THE WATERS AS IF PROPELLED
BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE---

GREAT HEAVENS, CORBY---LOOK THERE!
HERE WE ARE CAUGHT IN A FLAT CALM
WHILE THAT NATIVE SAMPAN
IS MOVING ALONG IN A
SPANKING BREEZE!
HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN
IT?

THERE'S NO
EXPLANATION,
SIR---EXCEPT
THAT THE SAMPAN
BELONGS TO OLD
SHANGHAI SAM!



AS THE WRINKLED OLD MAN CLIMBED ABOARD, CARTER QUESTIONED HIM SUSPICIOUSLY...

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PILOT MY SHIP INTO PORT ORIENT, EH? TELL ME HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO THAT--WITHOUT ANY WIND TO MOVE HER.

IF THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN WILL PERMIT ME, I HAVE BUT TO SUMMON THE WIND-SPRIT!

STANDING AT THE HELM, THE OLD MAN BOWED AND MUMBLED TO HIMSELF, HIS FINGERS FUMBLING AT A SHORT LENGTH OF ROPE HELD IN HIS HAND...

CORBY, DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT OLD HUMBUG CAN MOVE THIS SHIP MERELY BY MUTTERING A FEW SPELLS?

I'VE SEEN STRANGER THINGS HAPPEN IN THESE WATERS, MR. CARTER.

AND THEN ABRUPTLY CARTER FELT IT---THE COOLNESS OF THE SEABREEZE! IN THE DANK, HOT AIR, IT SEEMED LIKE A BREATH OF WIND FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

GREAT HEAVENS, WE'RE MOVING ---SAILING IN A FLAT CALM!

AYE, SIR... AND ALL ABOUT US ARE A DOZEN VESSELS UNABLE TO STIR.



SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THIS SHANGHAI SAM HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT...?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SIR, BUT YOU'VE SEEN IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES.



IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER THAT YOUNG CARTER STUMBLED UPON A WATERFRONT BRAWL IN PORT ORIENT...

THOSE WHARF-RATS! THEY'RE ATTACKING THAT NATIVE...



THAT'S RIGHT! TAKE TO YOUR HEELS, YOU SCURVY DOGS!

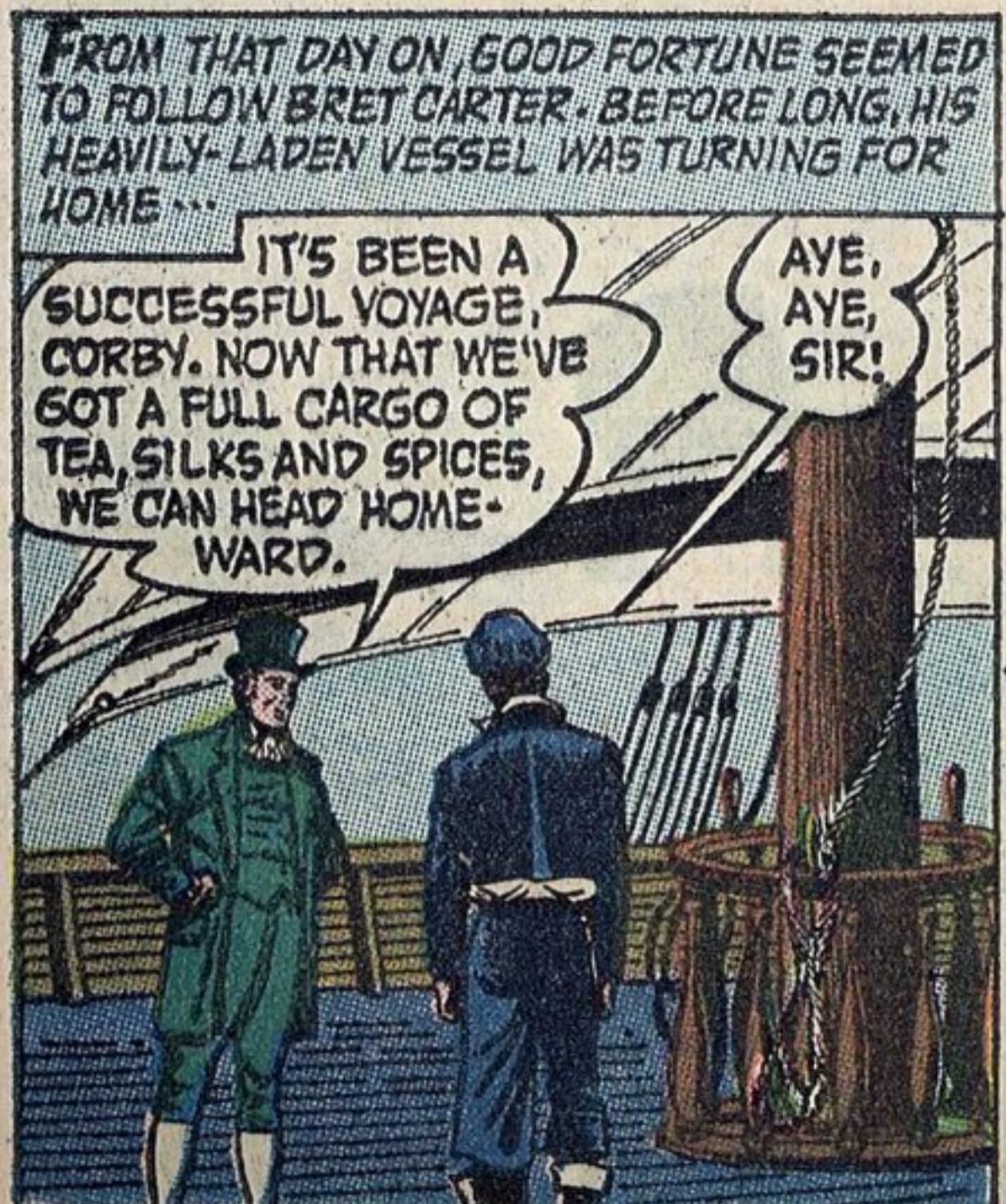
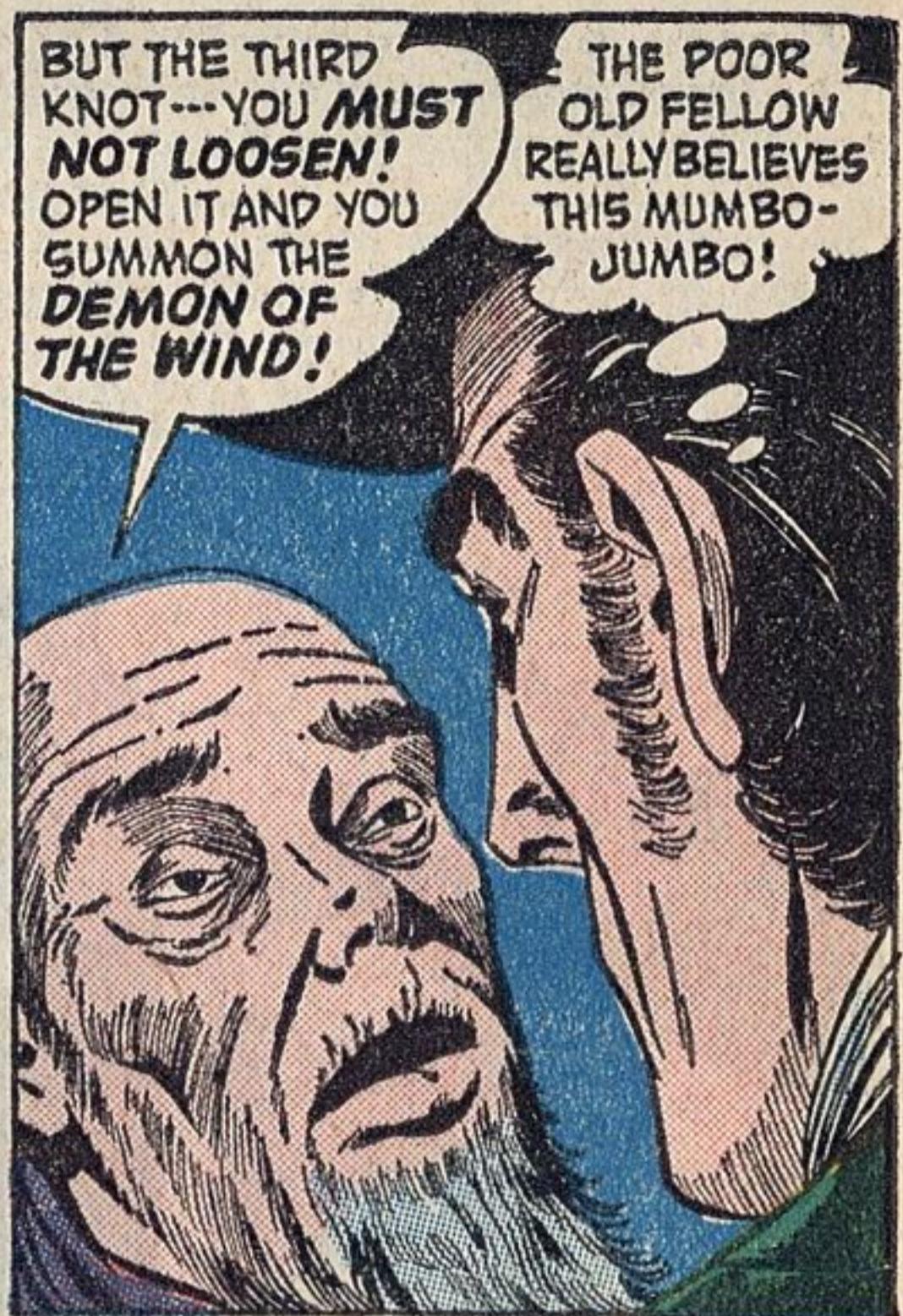


IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT BRET RECOGNIZED THE VICTIM...

SHANGHAI SAM!

YOU COME... TOO LATE. ALREADY... I JOIN ANCESTORS WHO AWAIT ME...





BUT THE RAIDERS SWARMED OVER THEM, AND
SOON--

TAKE THE PRISONERS BELOW. THE
AMERICAN AUTHORITIES WILL BE GLAD
TO OFFER RANSOM FOR
THEM.



IT WAS WITH BITTERNESS THAT BRETT REMEMBERED THE
TALISMAN IN HIS POCKET--

GOOD-LUCK PIECE!
BAH!

NO! DON'T SNEER AT
IT--THAT PIECE OF HEMP
MAY BE THE THING TO
SAVE US!



LISTEN--WHAT IF YOU WERE
TO UNTIE THOSE KNOTS?
WHAT IF YOU WERE TO
RELEASE A GALE, A
TYphoon--**NOW**,
WHILE THOSE
PIRATES ARE
OFF GUARD ON
THAT OPEN
DECK ABOVE!

YOU'RE
MAD TO
THINK THIS
RIDICULOUS
TALISMAN
WOULD WORK,
CORBY...

--BUT IT'S
WORTH A
TRY! WE'VE
GOT NOTHING
TO LOSE.

THEN QUICKLY,
LAD. UNTIE
THEM--IN
HEAVEN'S
NAME!



AN INSTANT LATER THE WIND ROSE, LASHING THE
SEA TO SUDDEN FURY--

THAT WIND--WHERE DID
IT COME FROM? THE SKY
WAS CLEAR BUT A
MOMENT AGO...

HAUL IN THE
SAIL BEFORE
WE'RE CAPSIZED!



LISTEN TO THOSE SEA
RATS SCURRYING! THAT
CAUGHT THEM FLAT-
FOOTED.

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!

THEN IT WORKED!
THE CHARM
WORKED!



THEN HIS ANXIOUS FINGERS WERE FUMBLING AT THE
HEMP AGAIN--

QUICKLY, MAN!
YOU'VE OPENED TWO KNOTS
--NOW FOR THE LAST! OPEN
IT!

THAT DRAGON
--IT MOVED IN MY
HAND! I COULD
SWEAR IT!



BUT EVERYTHING ELSE WAS FORGOTTEN IN THE NEXT MOMENT AS THE SEA EXPLODED IN BERSEK FURY. TO THE PIRATES IT WAS AS IF SOME VAST UNEARTHLY POWER HAD GRIPPED THE SHIP IN ITS CLUTCHES--

THE WIND-DEMON! WE ARE DOOMED!



MOMENTS LATER--AS THE UNGUARDED PRISONERS SWARMED UP FROM BELOW--

THE PIRATES...
THEY'RE GONE,
SWEPT OVER THE
SIDE! BUT LOOK
THERE... COULD
THAT BE THE
WIND DEMON
SHANGHAI SAM
TOLD YOU
ABOUT?

THE ROPE! I'VE GOT
TO PUT THE KNOTS
BACK IN THE ROPE,
OR WE'RE DONE
FOR!

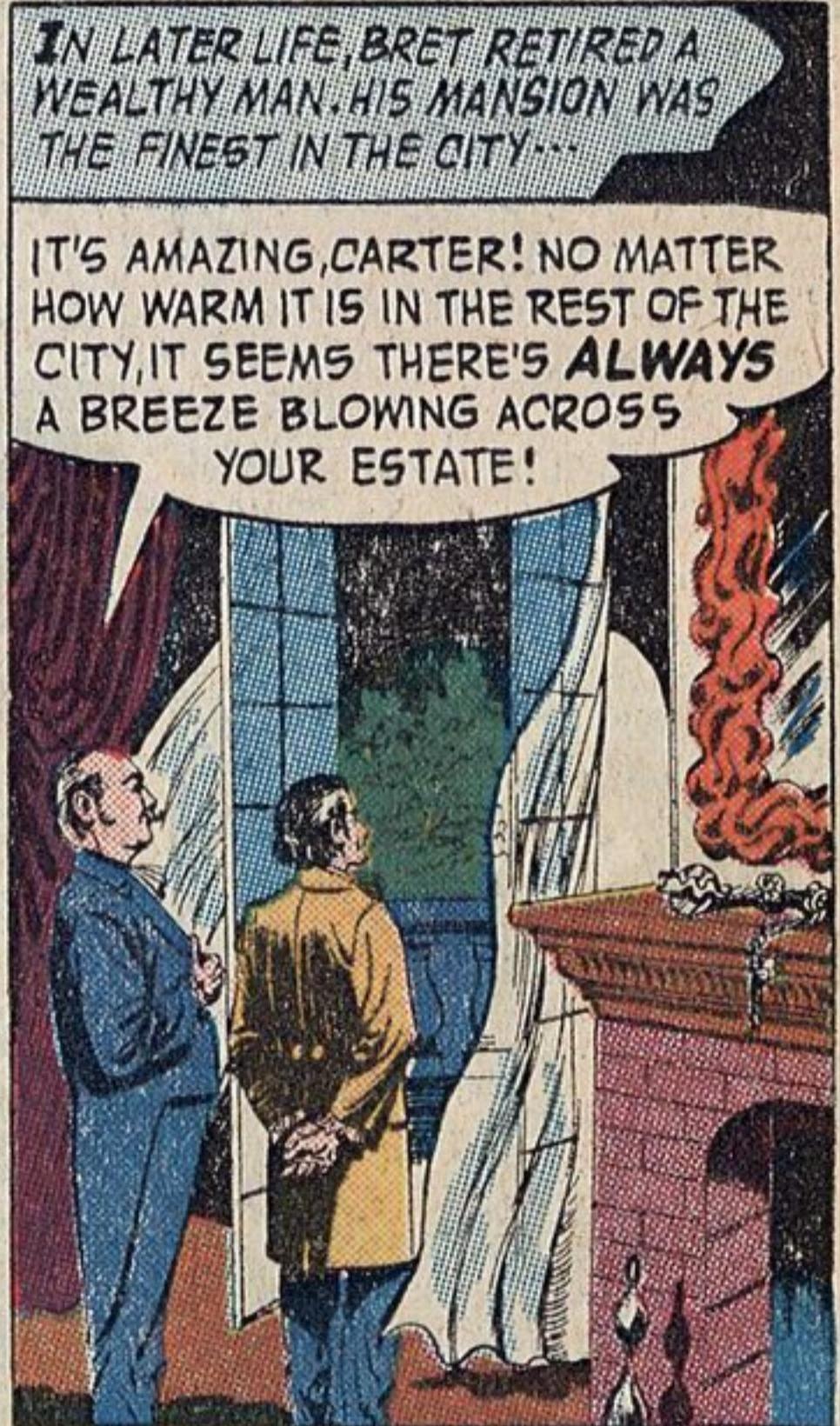
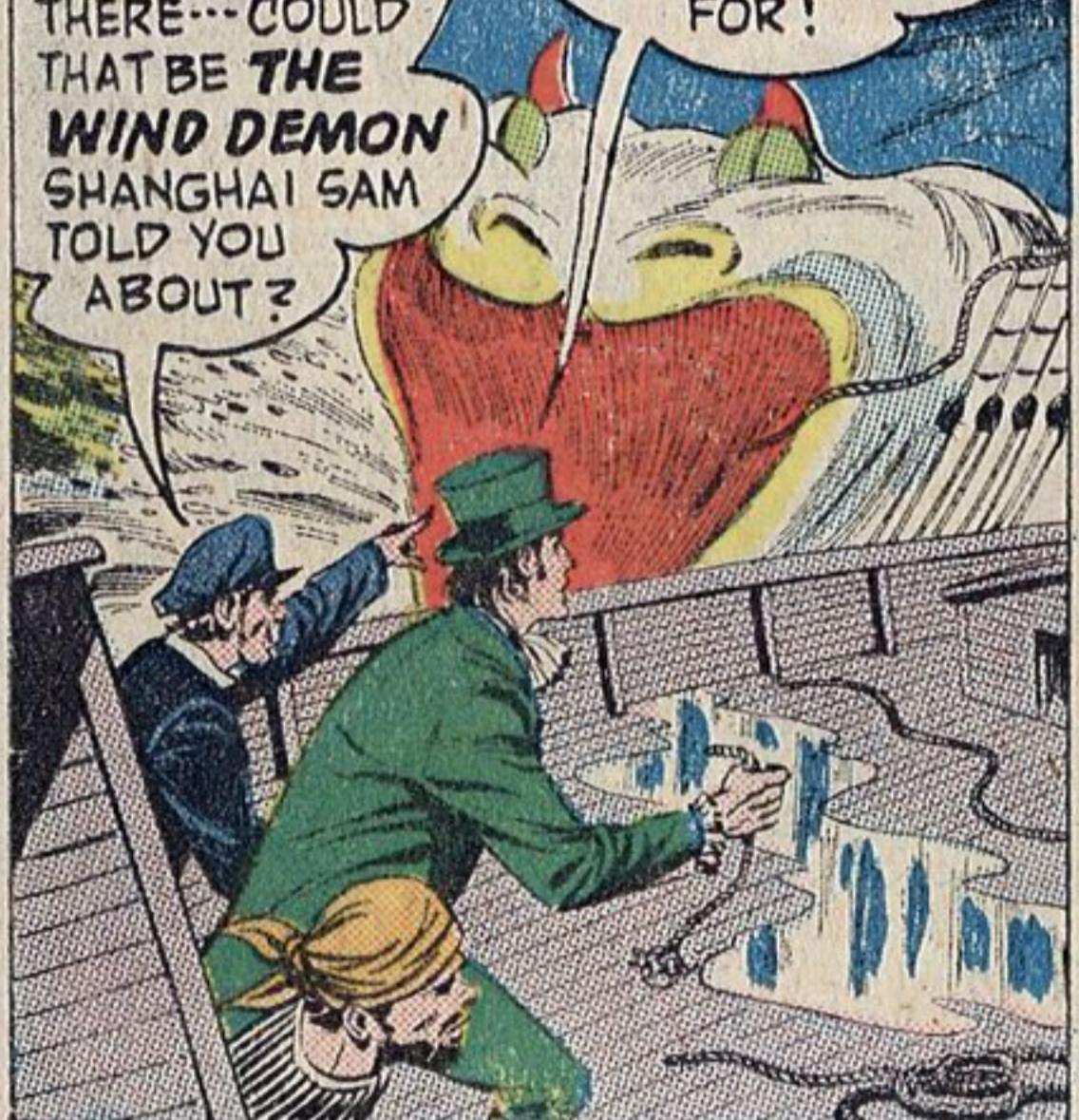
IN FEARFUL HASTE BRET
CARTER TWISTED AT THE
HEMP... AND THEN AS IF BY
SOME MAD SORCERY IT WAS
ALL OVER!

IT'S **GONE**!
THAT THING
VANISHED AS
SOON AS YOU
TIED THOSE
KNOTS!

IF I HADN'T
SEEN IT WITH
MY OWN
EYES...

IN LATER LIFE, BRET RETIRED A
WEALTHY MAN. HIS MANSION WAS
THE FINEST IN THE CITY...

IT'S AMAZING, CARTER! NO MATTER
HOW WARM IT IS IN THE REST OF THE
CITY, IT SEEMS THERE'S **ALWAYS**
A BREEZE BLOWING ACROSS
YOUR ESTATE!

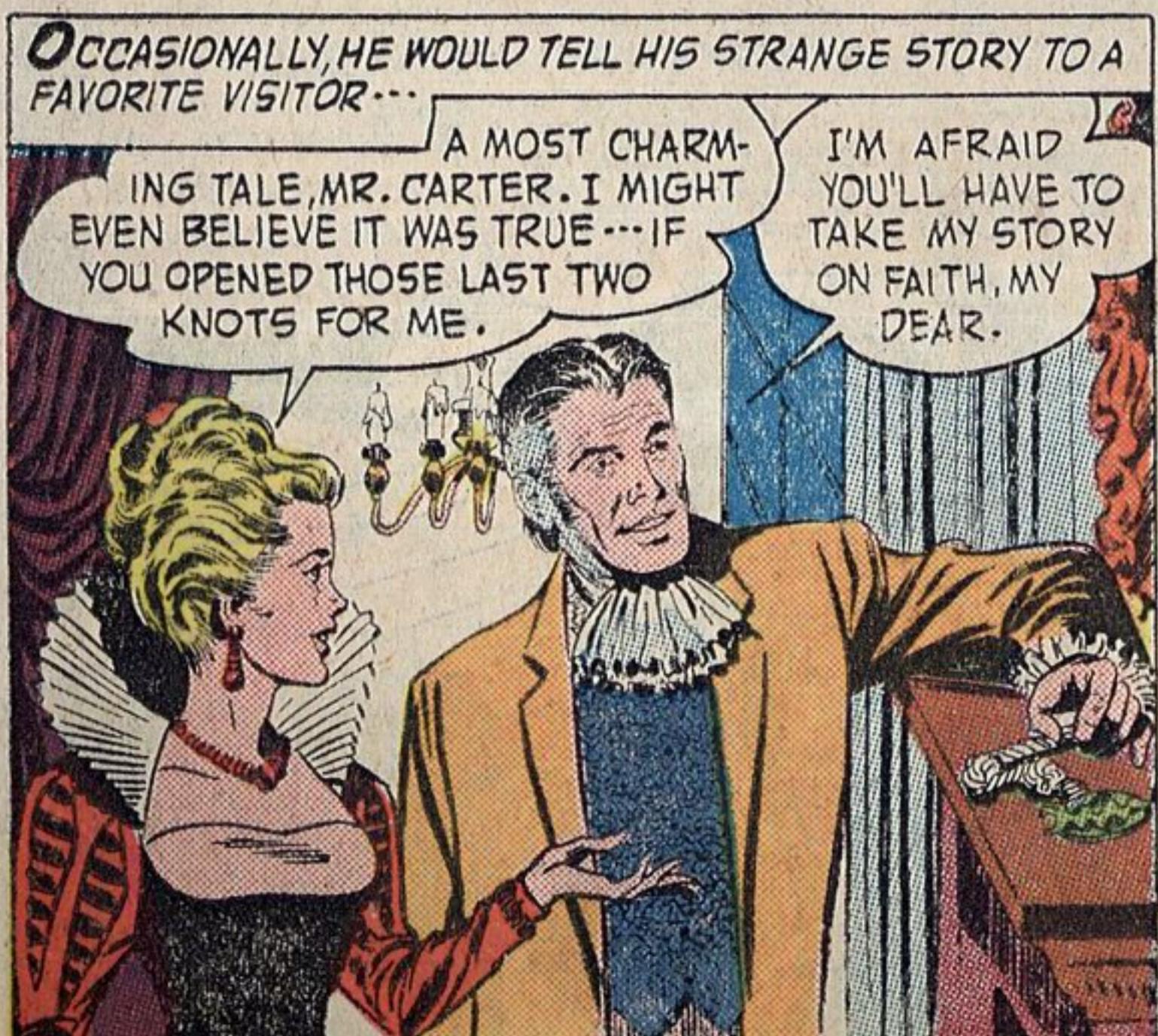


Occasionally, he would tell his strange story to a favorite visitor...

A MOST CHARM-
ING TALE, MR. CARTER. I MIGHT
EVEN BELIEVE IT WAS TRUE... IF
YOU OPENED THOSE LAST TWO
KNOTS FOR ME.

I'M AFRAID
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TAKE MY STORY
ON FAITH, MY
DEAR.

I'VE SEEN THE **DEMON**
OF THE WIND ONCE
--AND **ONCE WAS**
ENOUGH!



MYSTERIES of
The UNKNOWN

BIRDS OF FATE!

STORY:-
PIERCE
RAND

You'd NEVER THINK THAT THIS ODD SCENE IS OUR INTRODUCTION TO THE STRANGEST STORY OF THE GENERATION... AND THE STRANGEST WAR EVER FOUGHT! THE SCENE OF BATTLE WAS A WILD AND RUGGED SEACOAST, AND THE ONLY SOUND HEARD WAS THE SCREAM OF INNUMERABLE SEA-GULLS... AND THE CRASHING OF MIGHTY WAVES!

FOR ITS BEGINNING, IT'S NECESSARY TO GO BACK IN TIME OVER 60 YEARS -- TO A LITTLE BOY'S CHILDHOOD! HIS NAME WAS HOSMER PETTY, ONLY SON OF A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY WHICH LIVED IN A HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE SEA...

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DAY FOR FISHING, MA!

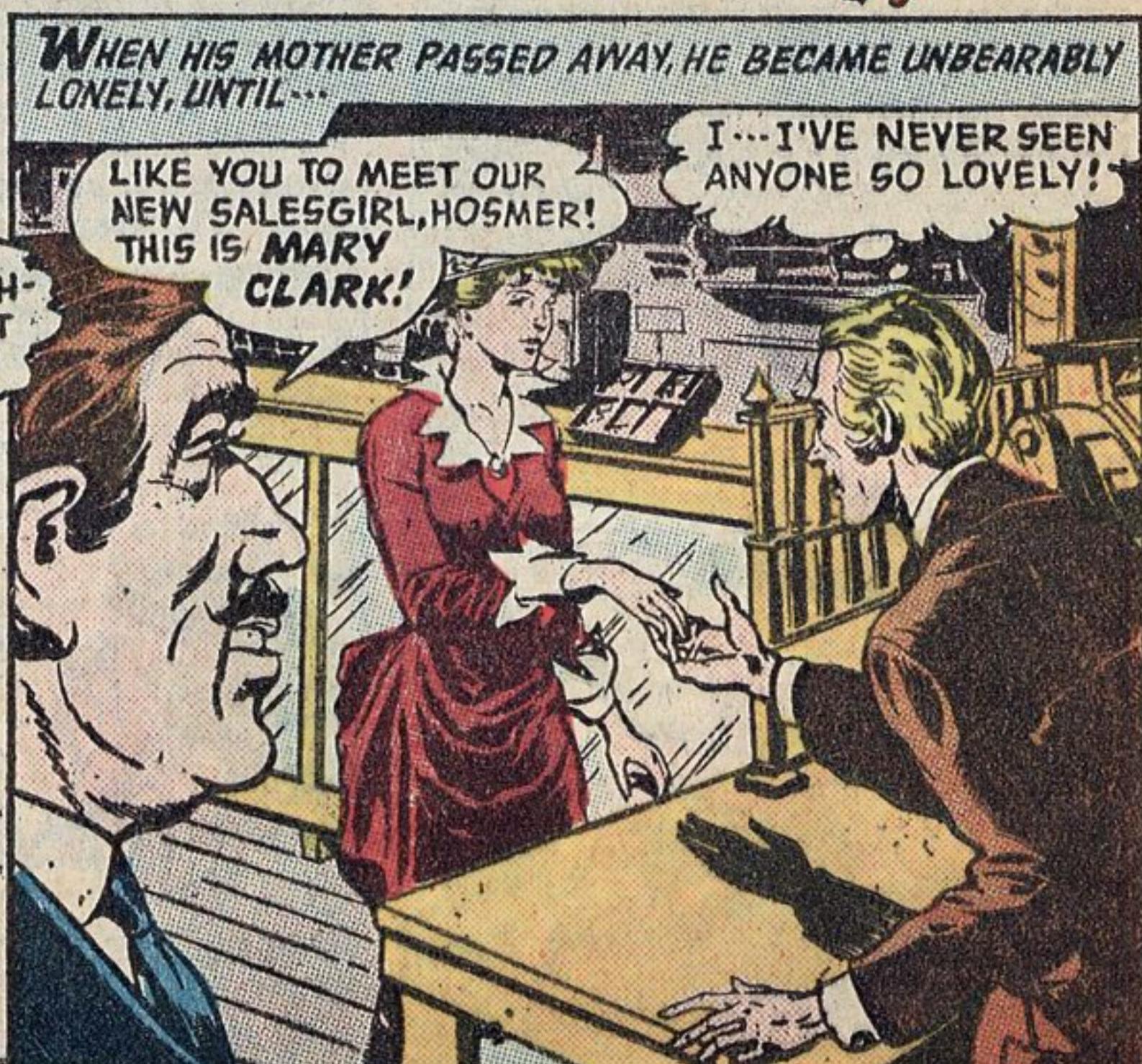
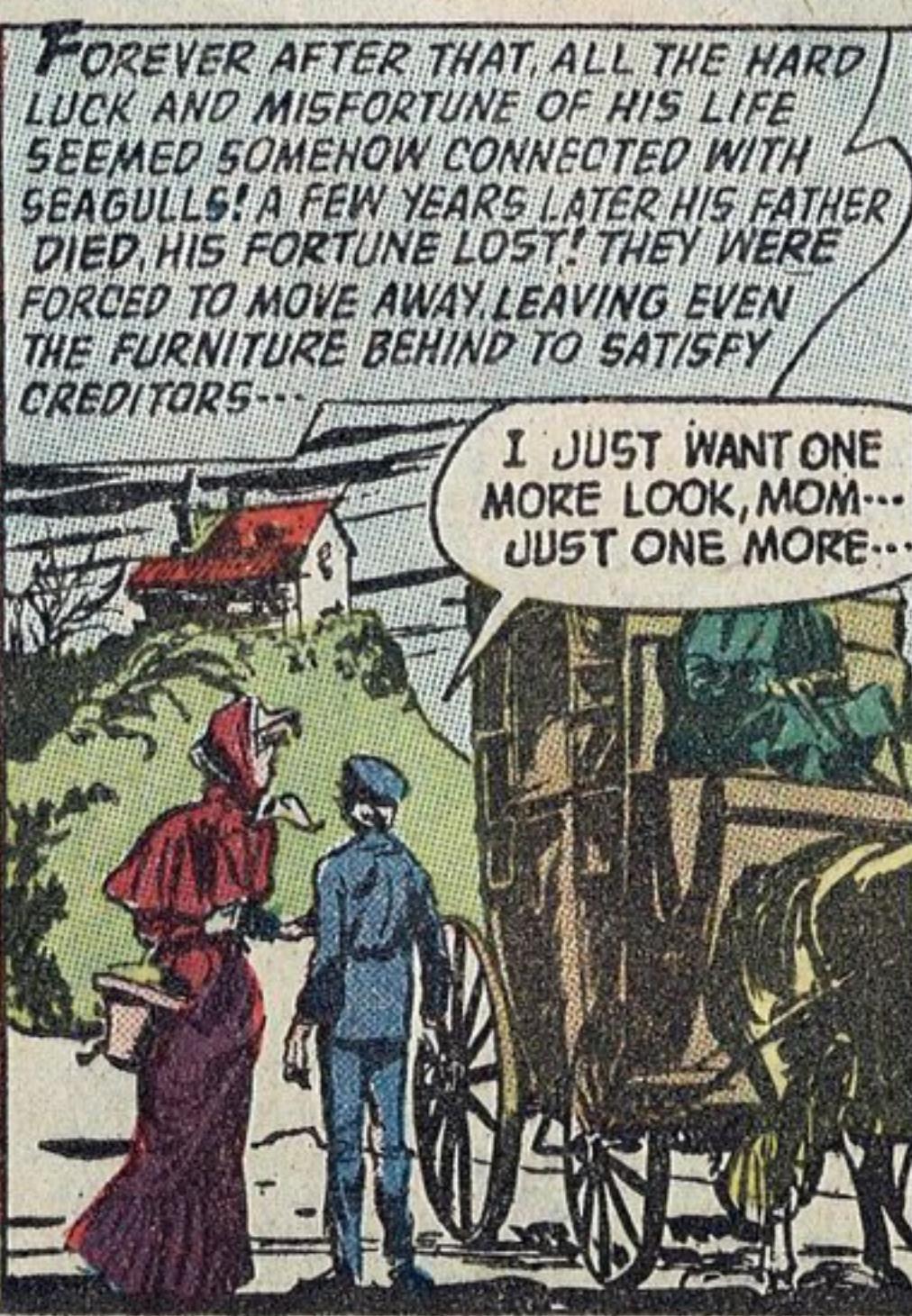
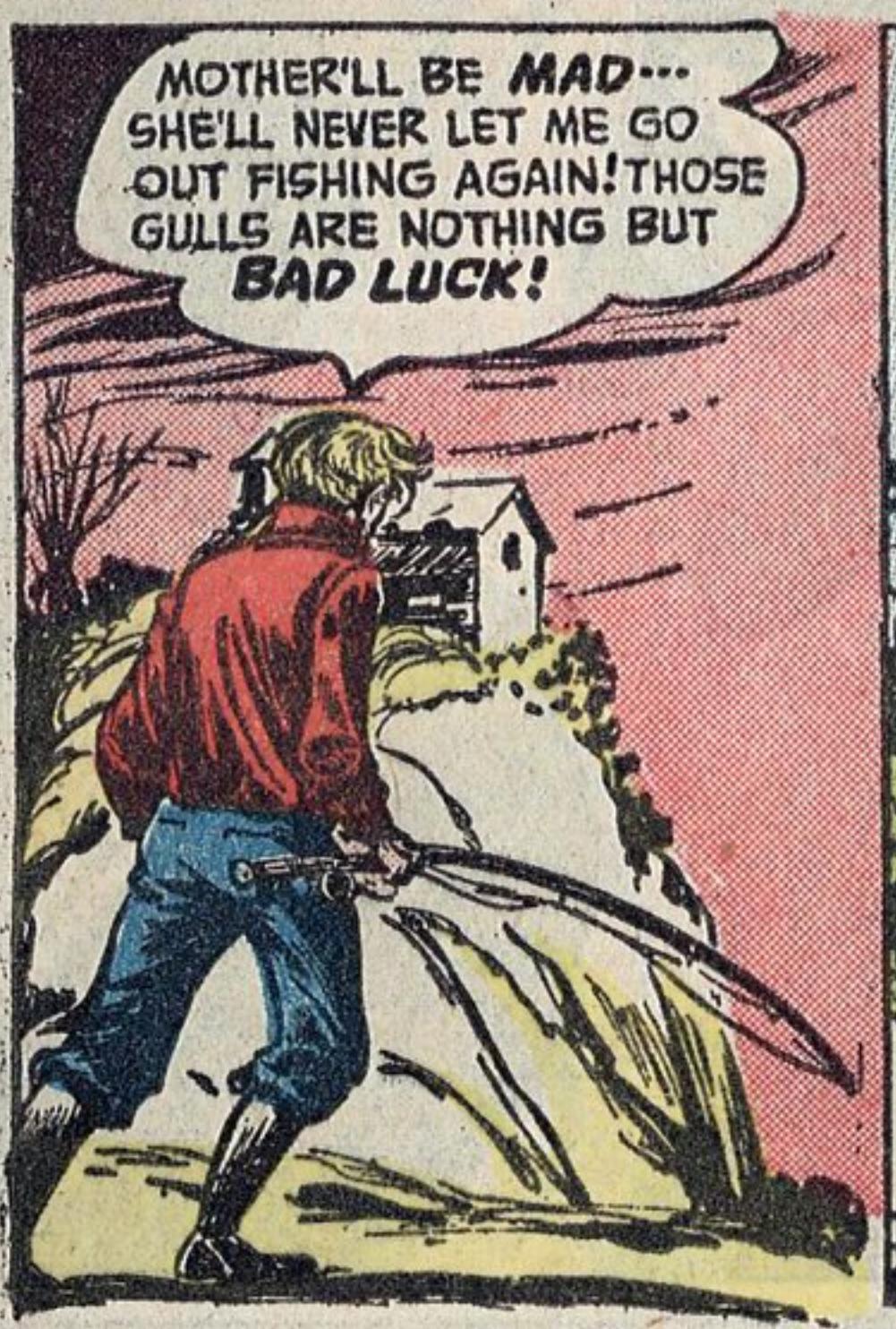
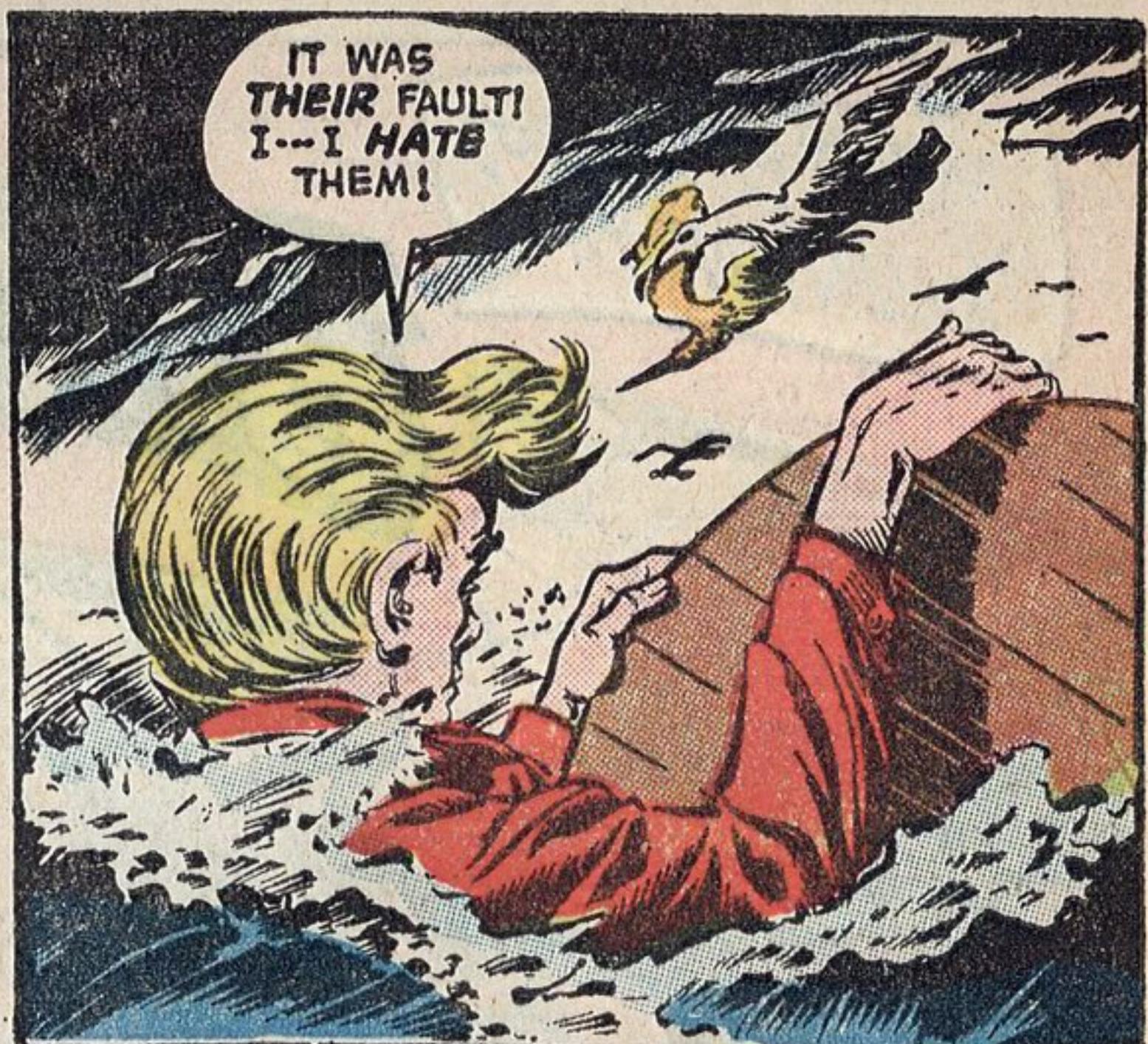
DON'T GO TOO FAR OUT, HOSMER!

GOLLY, WHAT A CATCH! BUT... I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THOSE SEAGULLS ARE HANGING AROUND!

IT WAS THE FISH THE HUNGRY GULLS SOUGHT...

SKREEE!

NO!
NO!
KEEP AWAY!



FOR A TIME FORTUNE SEEMED TO SMILE
ON HIM! HE GREW TO LOVE MARY BUT NEVER
DARED TO HOPE SHE MIGHT BE HIS...

I KNOW YOU
COULDN'T EVER
THINK SERIOUSLY
ABOUT A MAN LIKE
ME BUT I'D TRY TO
GIVE YOU EVERY-
THING, MARY... I
SWEAR
IT!

YOU'RE A FINE
MAN, HOSMER...
I'D BE PROUD
TO BE YOUR
WIFE!

YEARS OF HAPPINESS FOLLOWED, IN WHICH HOSMER BEGAN TO MAKE
HIS MARK IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS---BUT THEY WERE CUT
TRAGICALLY SHORT...

WE MANAGED TO SAVE
THE BABY, MR. PETTY---
BUT YOUR WIFE...
I'M SORRY...

OH, NO
... NO!



THE ONE THING HE HAD LOVED MORE
THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE - GONE!
AS HE LEFT THE OCEANFRONT HOSPITAL
STUNNED WITH GRIEF, HE HARDLY NOTICED
THE SCREAMING DISCORDANT NOTE OF
THE SEAGULLS ABOVE...



BUT THERE WAS ONE SOLACE LEFT
--- HIS INFANT DAUGHTER! HE CALLED
HER MARY. VOWED TO BE BOTH MOTHER
AND FATHER TO HER, AND MANIFESTED A
LOVE THAT WAS COMPLETELY POSSESSIVE...



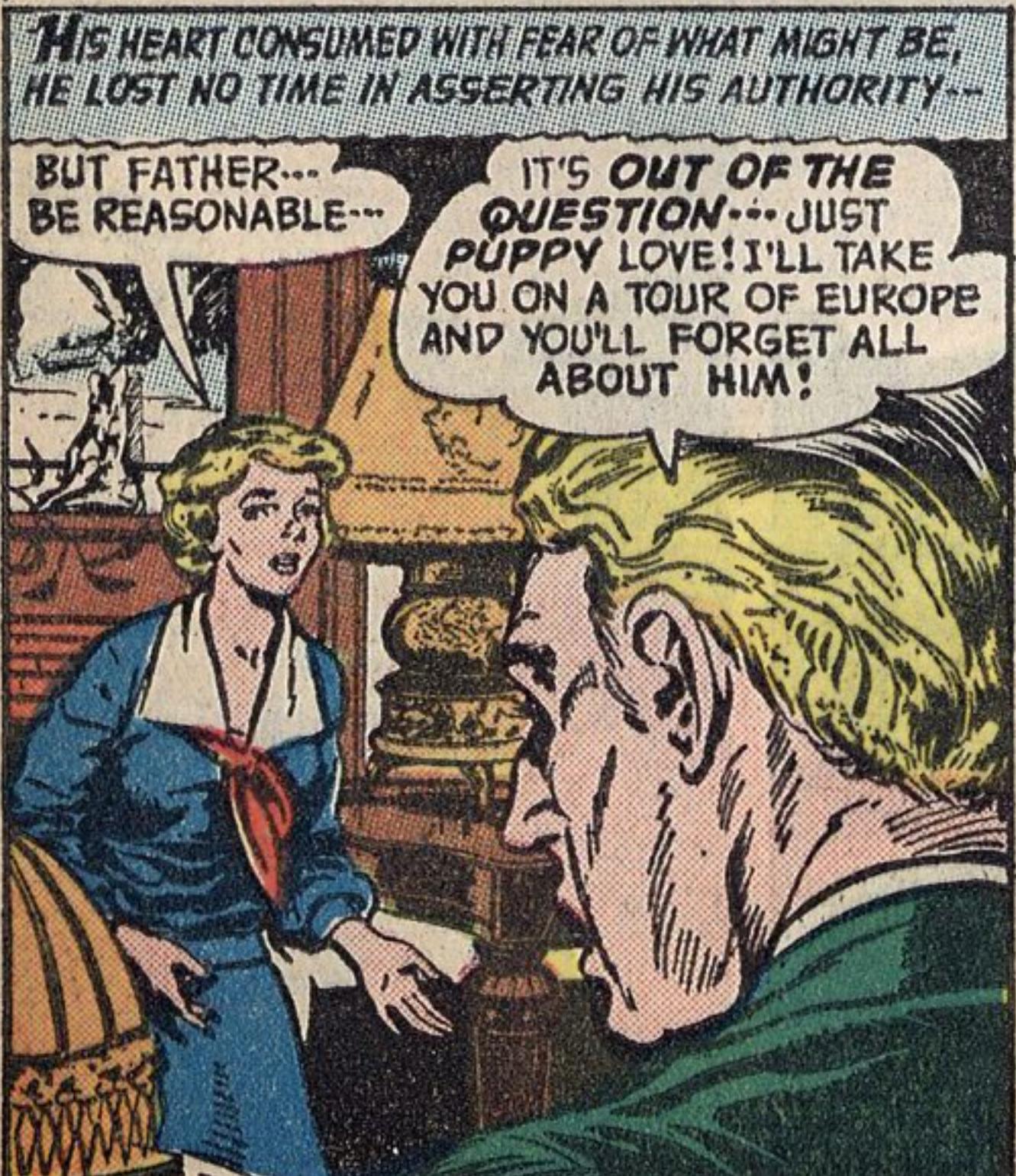
THIS LIFE REVOLVED AROUND HIS
DAUGHTER - COMPLETELY! AND
WHEN SHE GREW UP AND FELL
IN LOVE...



THIS HEART CONSUMED WITH FEAR OF WHAT MIGHT BE,
HE LOST NO TIME IN ASSERTING HIS AUTHORITY--

BUT FATHER...
BE REASONABLE...

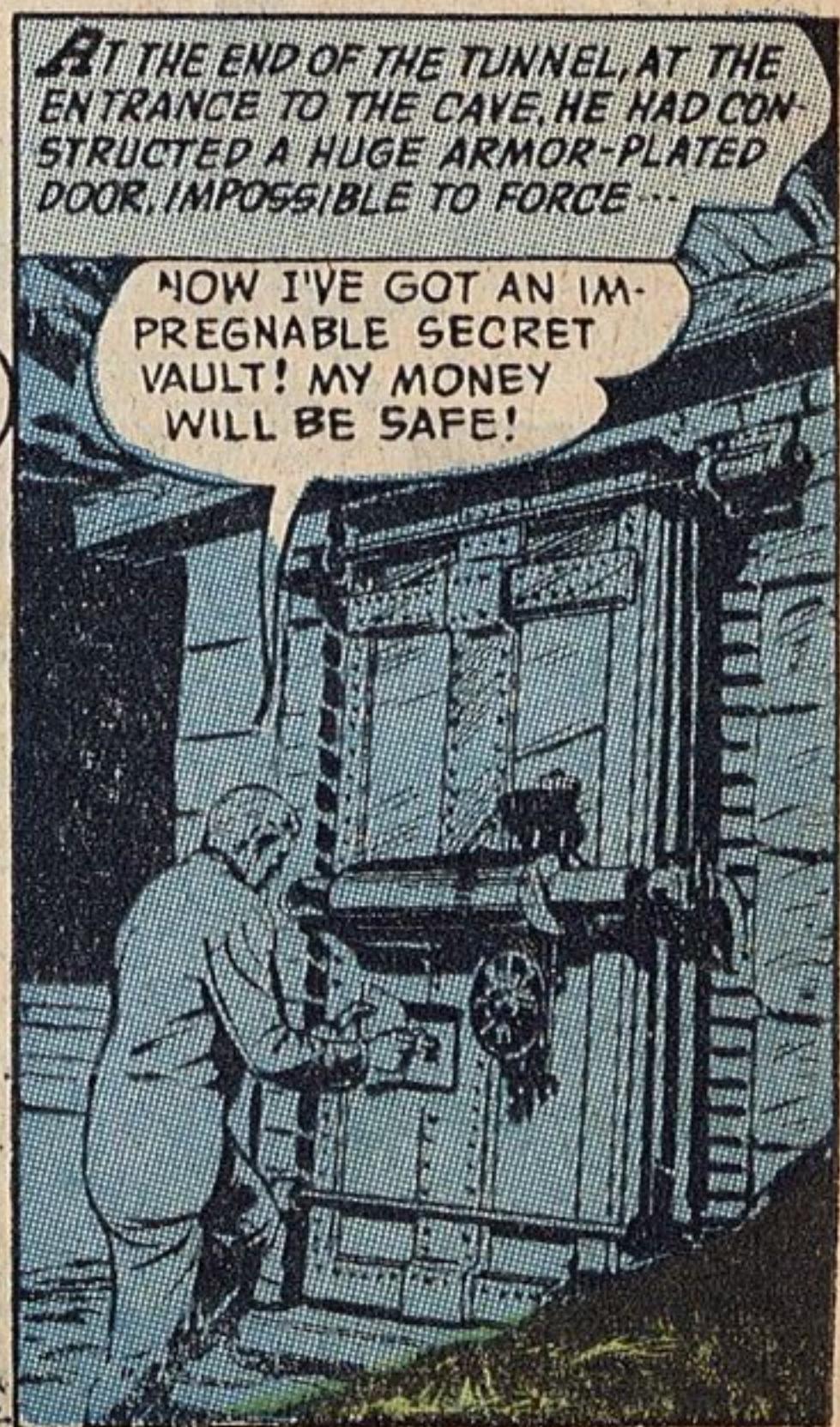
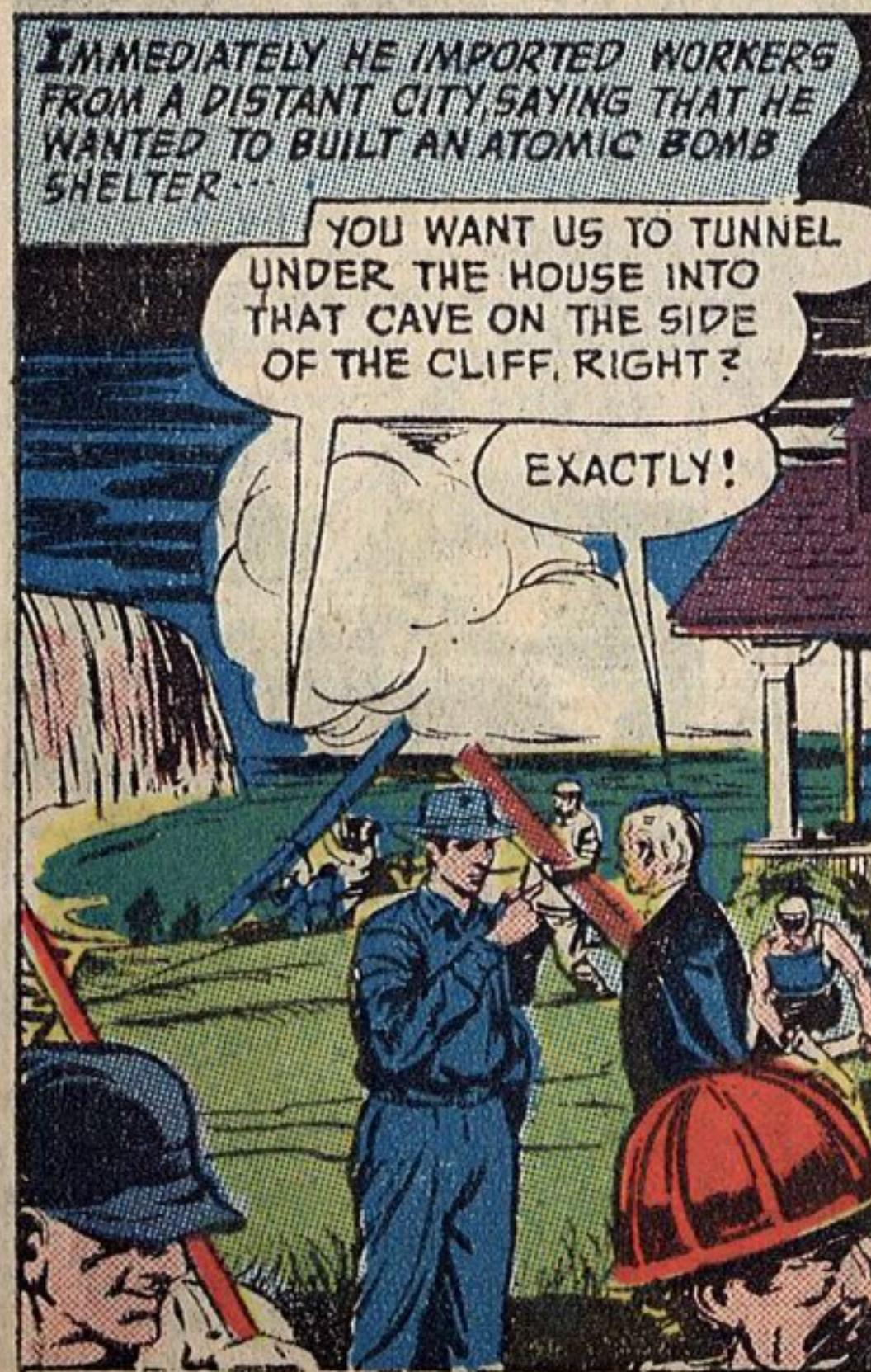
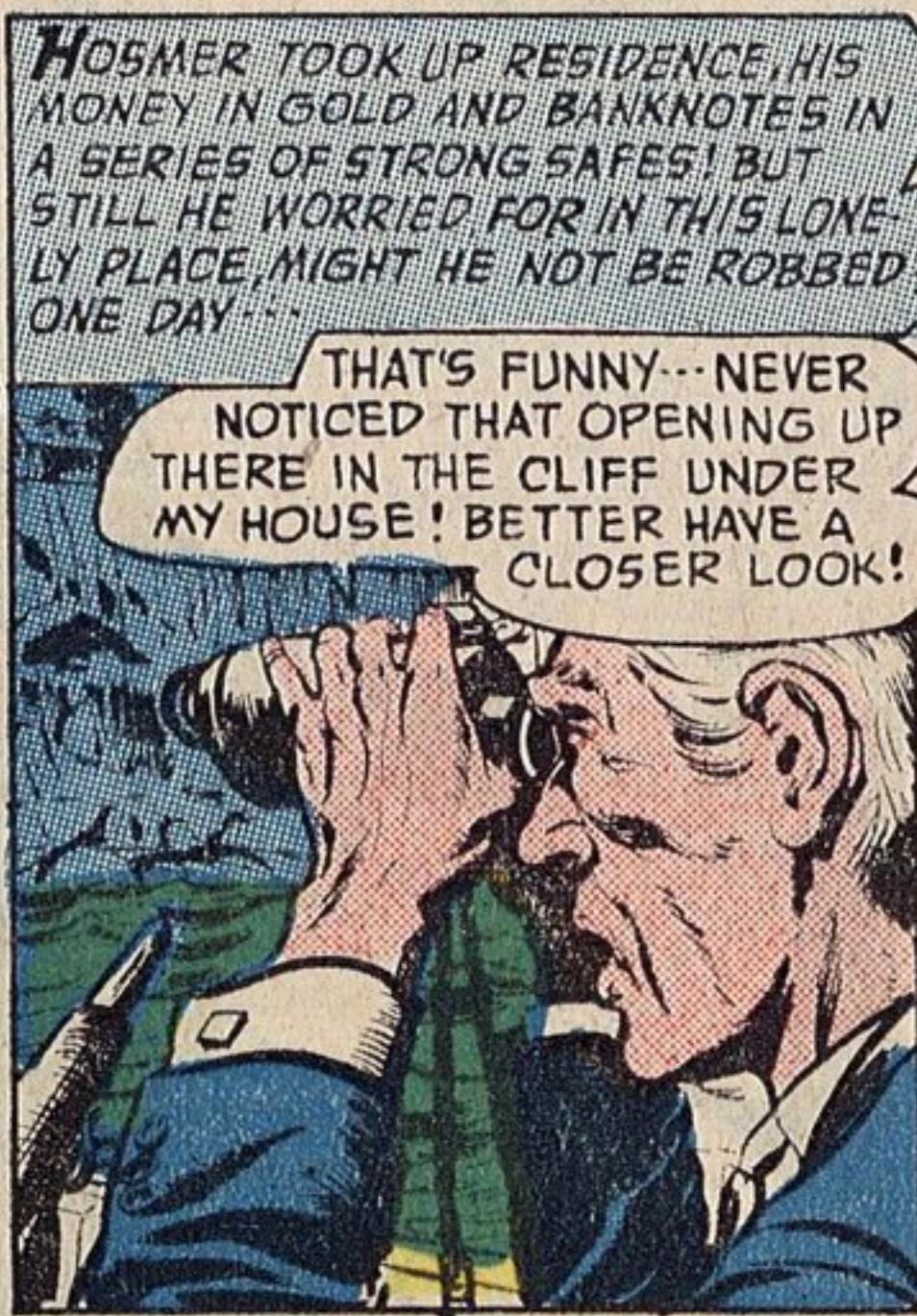
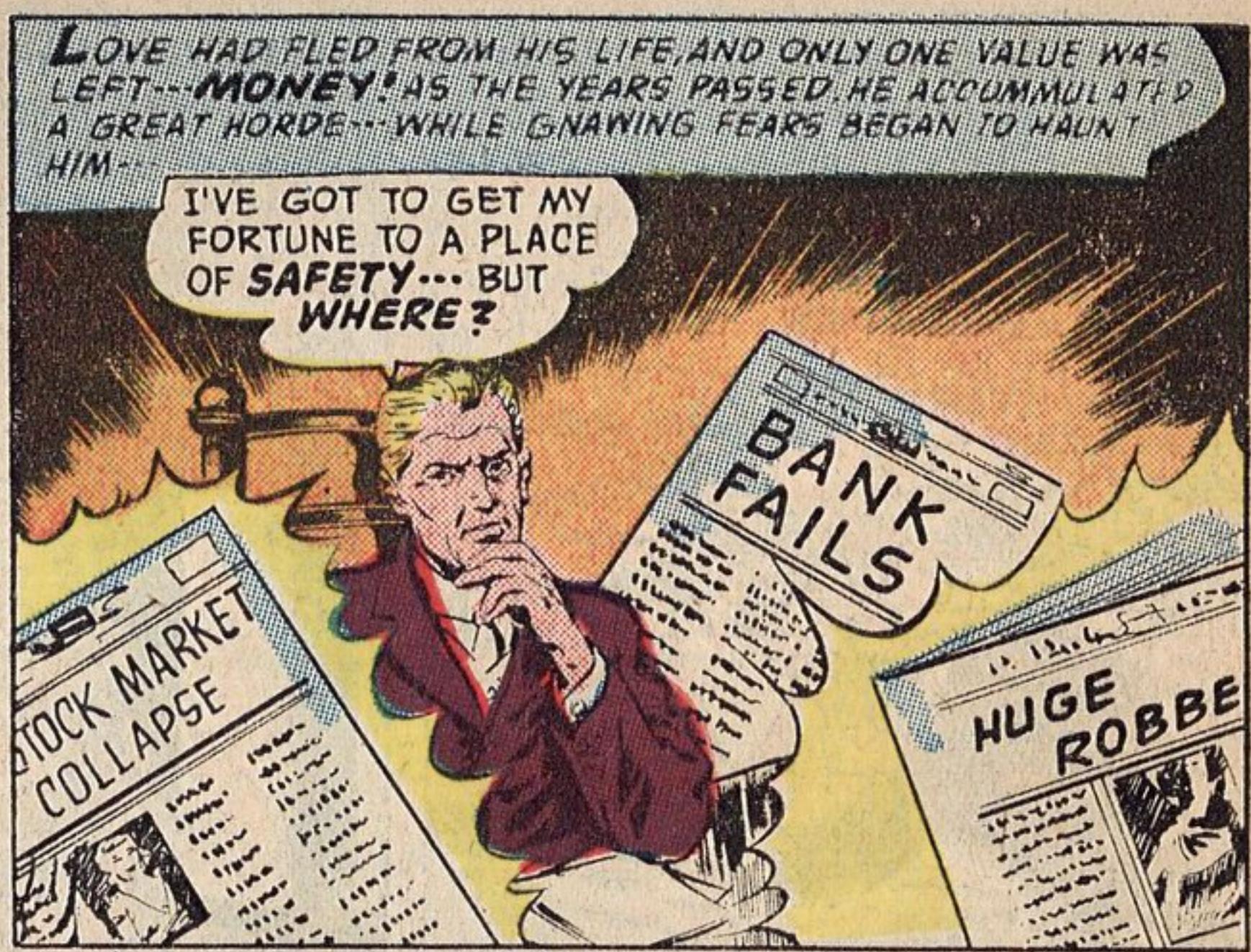
IT'S OUT OF THE
QUESTION... JUST
PUPPY LOVE! I'LL TAKE
YOU ON A TOUR OF EUROPE
AND YOU'LL FORGET ALL
ABOUT HIM!



THE TRIP WAS ARRANGED IN HASTE AND AS THE SHIP PULLED
OUT OF THE HARBOR...

CONFOUNDED IT, WE GOT
SEPARATED SOMEHOW ON THE PIER!
SHE'S NOT IN HER
CABIN... WHERE
IS SHE?





AND SO, INTO THE CAVE WENT ALL HOSMER'S
IMMENSE WEALTH!

THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE!
INACCESSIBLE FROM THE SEA AND
ALSO, FROM THE HOUSE---UNLESS YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE SECRET DOOR
AND HAVE THE KEY!
I'VE DONE IT!

THE YEARS PASSED AND ONE DAY HOSMER LEARNED THAT
HIS DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND HAD BEEN KILLED IN
AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH, LEAVING A 14-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER
BEHIND...

I'M FROM THE STATE
BUREAU, SIR! YOUR GRAND-
CHILD HAS NO OTHER LIV-
ING RELATIVE AND...

...AND YOU WANT
ME TO SUPPORT
HER! ALL RIGHT---
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE
TO DO IT!

THE CHILD MILDRED WAS THE IMAGE
OF THE DAUGHTER HE FELT HAD WRONG-
ED HIM SO! SHE HE DETERMINED WOULD
HAVE A STRICT BRINGING UP---AND
FOLLY ON HIS WILL...

DON'T WASTE A PAR-
TICLE OF FOOD---
AND GET TO YOUR
LESSONS AT
ONCE!

YES,
GRAND-
FATHER...

SHE GREW UP AMID LONELINESS---
NEVER KNOWING CAREFREE HOURS
OR THE SOCIETY OF THOSE HER
AGE...

I WAS HOPING,
GRANDFATHER---
ABOUT COLLEGE...

HAVE YOU NO
GRATITUDE?
THE LEAST YOU
CAN DO IS BE A
COMFORT TO ME
IN MY OLD
AGE!

BUT AS TIME PASSED THE INEVIT-
ABLE HAPPENED---EVEN AS IT HAD
HAPPENED BEFORE! MILDRED FELL
IN LOVE---WITH A YOUNG FISHERMAN
OF THE VICINITY---AND PROUDLY
BROUGHT HIM TO HER HOME...

HERE HE IS,
GRANDFATHER
---WILLIAM!
I HAVEN'T EX-
AGGERATED,
HAVE I? ISN'T
HE WONDER-
FUL?

HOW DO
YOU DO,
SIR?

LIKE ANY GIRL IN LOVE, MILDRED COULDN'T
HELP BOASTING ABOUT HER YOUNG MAN'S
MARVELOUS ABILITIES...

WHY, WILLIAM EVEN HAS
A WAY OF CALLING
SEAGULLS TO HIM!
SHOW GRANDFATHER,
BILL!

SURE, HONEY!
SCRAWW!

IN AN INSTANT, THE GULLS HAD ANSWERED THE YOUNG
MAN'S CALL---AND AS THEIR LITHE FORMS WHEELED
ABOUT...

GET THESE NASTY
THINGS AWAY!

BUT---BUT
WHAT---

WHEN THE YOUNG PEOPLE RE-COVERED FROM THE SURPRISE OF THE OLD MAN'S DISPLAY--

I--I'M SORRY IT DISPLEASED YOU! OH, GRANDFATHER, I SO WANT YOU TO LIKE WILLIAM! I LOVE HIM--I WANT TO MARRY HIM!

YOUNG MAN, IF I EVER SEE YOU ON MY PROPERTY AGAIN, YOU'LL BE SORRY! GET OUT!

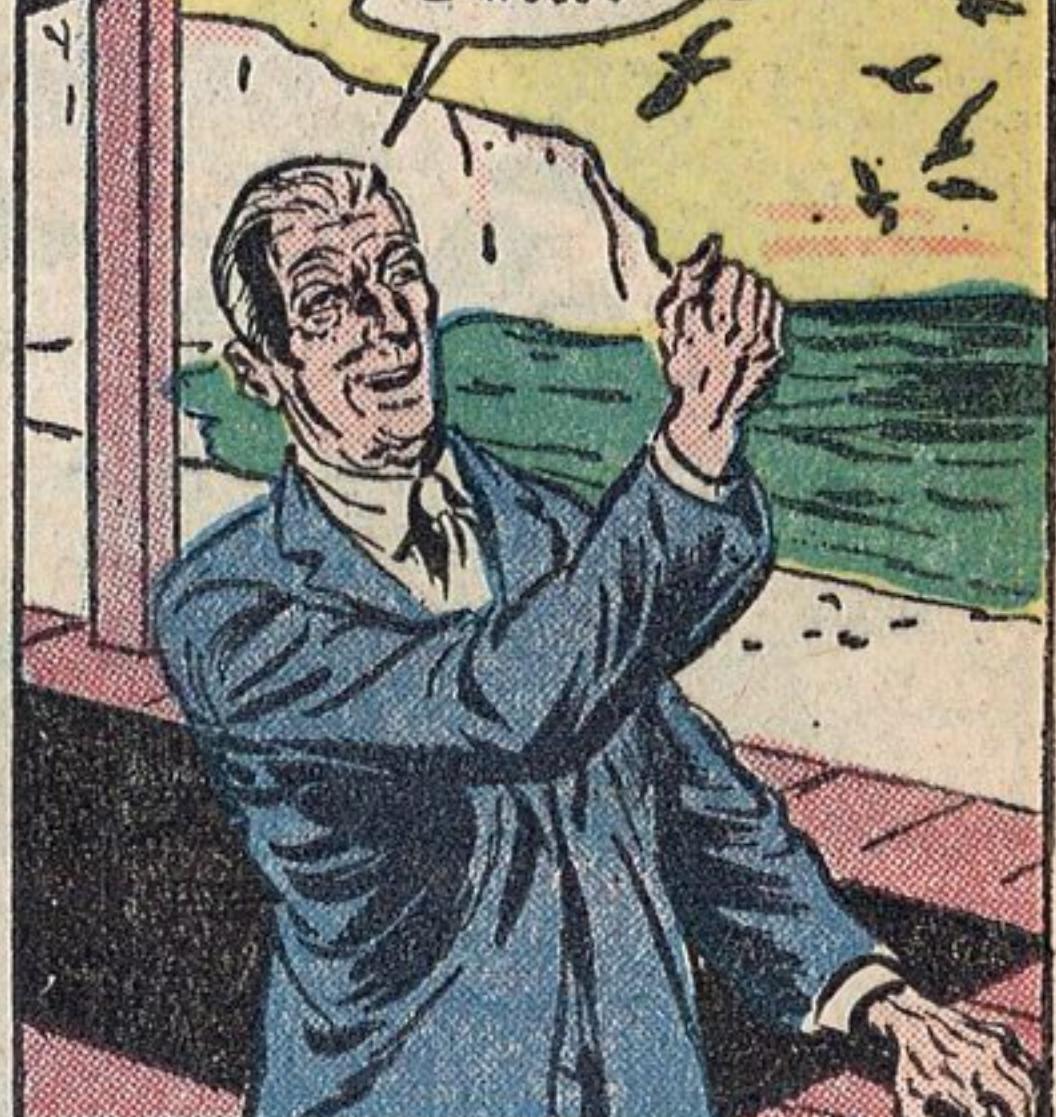
AFTER YEARS OF BLIND OBEDIENCE THE GIRL COULDN'T WITHSTAND THE POWER OF HER GRANDFATHER'S WILL--

I FORBID YOU EVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN, UNDERSTAND?

BUT YOU-- YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN HIM A CHANCE...

HE FELT HE HAD HANDLED THE SITUATION BEAUTIFULLY--EVEN THAT HE'D WON A VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY SEAGULLS!

YOU AND THAT YOUNG FOOL WHO CAN CALL YOU TO HIM-- I'VE DEFEATED YOU BOTH!



ONLY ONE THING WAS NECESSARY TO MAKE HIS HAPPINESS COMPLETE-- THE FEEL OF HIS MONEY! HIS MISERLY HEART BEATING FAST, HE ENTERED THE TUNNEL, AND OPENED THE HUGE VAULT DOOR--ONLY TO SEE--

AAGH! THEY'VE INVADED MY CAVE!

IN A PAROXYSM OF RAGE HE BOLTED AT THEM, FORGETTING THE DOOR AND THE BIG KEY IN THE OUTSIDE LOCK--UNTIL IT SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM!

GET OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT, OR...

THE AWFUL SOUND BROUGHT HIM UP SHORT! FRANTICALLY HE TRIED TO OPEN THE DOOR--USELESS! IN VAIN HE BEAT HIS FISTS RAW AGAINST THE ARMOR PLATE--IN VAIN HIS SHOUTS FOR HELP...

SHE CAN'T HEAR ME--NO. BODY CAN! THE HOUSE IS 100 FEET ABOVE ME! MY VOICE IS MUFFLED BY THE DOOR, HUSHED BY THE LONG TUNNEL--AND NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT THIS PLACE! WHAT'LL I DO?

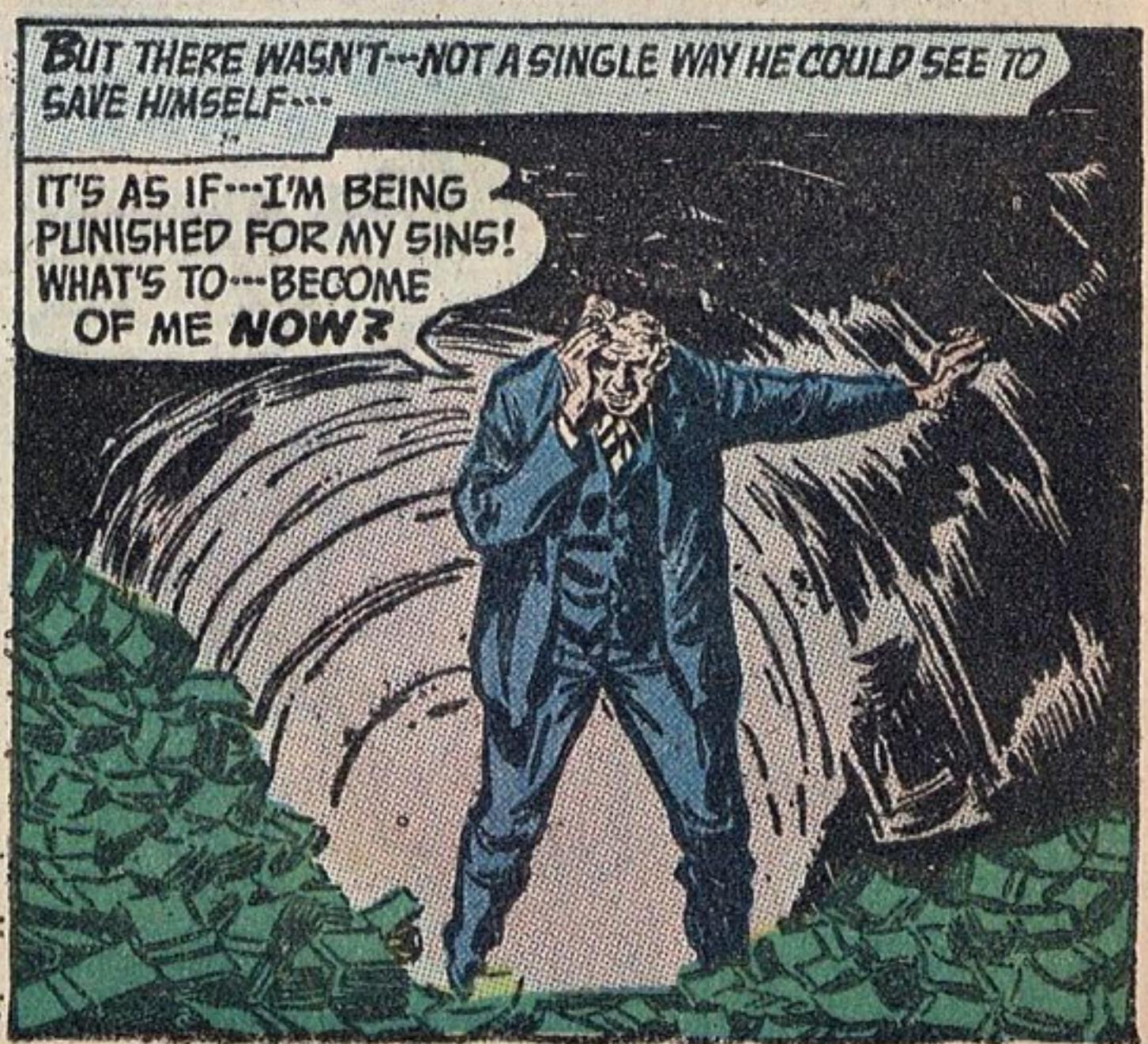
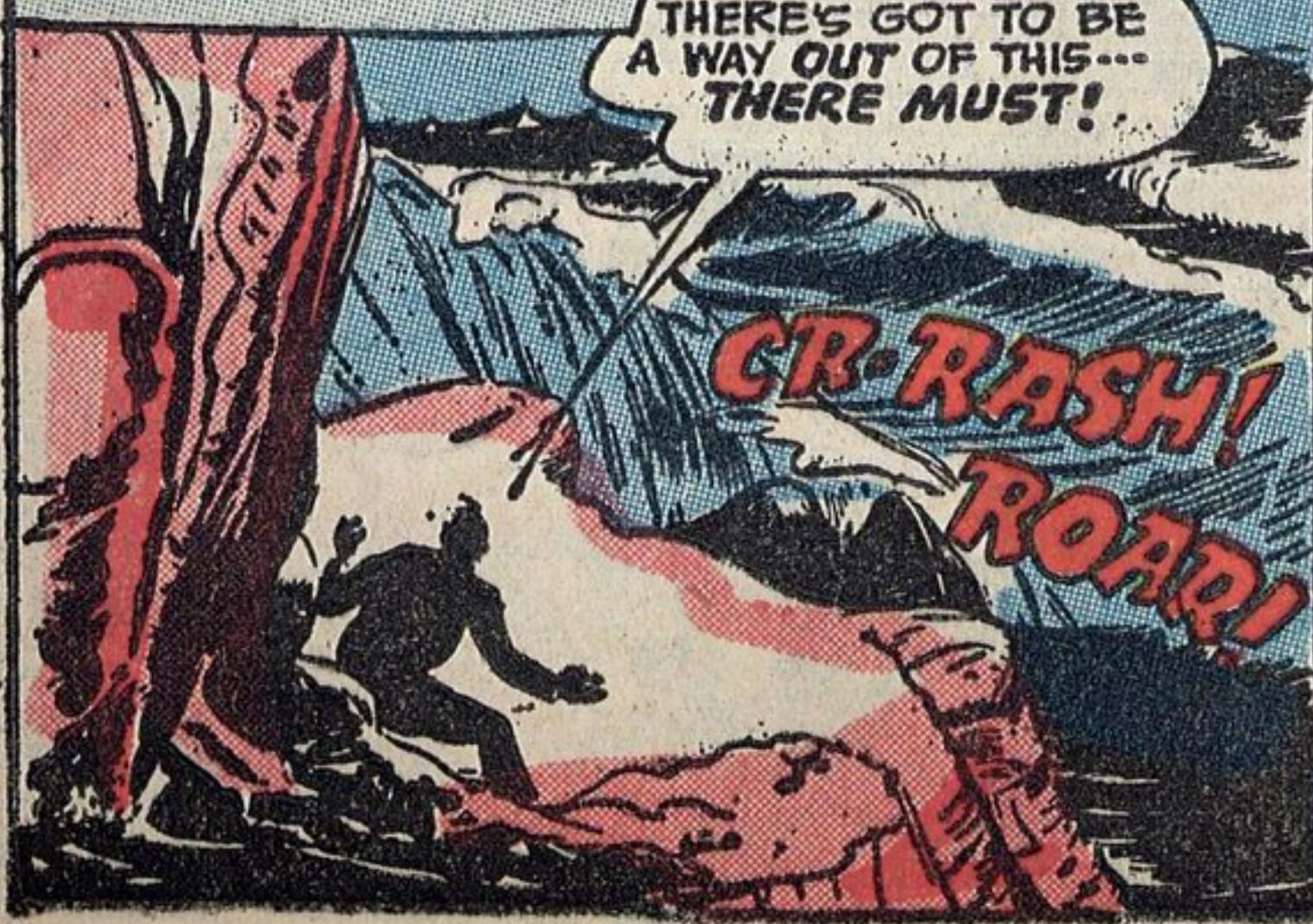


UNTIL HIS VOICE GAVE OUT HE SHRIEKED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE TOWARDS THE SEA--BUT WHAT WAS ONE MAN'S FEEBLE VOICE AGAINST THE CRASHING OF THE OCEAN?

THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT OF THIS... THERE MUST!

BUT THERE WASN'T--NOT A SINGLE WAY HE COULD SEE TO SAVE HIMSELF...

IT'S AS IF--I'M BEING PUNISHED FOR MY SINS! WHAT'S TO--BECOME OF ME NOW?



THREE DAYS PASSED. THE FRANTIC MILDRED HAD LONG SINCE INFORMED THE POLICE OF HER GRANDFATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, MISS--HE'S VANISHED!

HOW CAN THAT BE...HOW?



MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW--THE WEAKENED AND HELPLESS PRISONER SUDDENLY KNEW A RAY OF HOPE!

MATCHES... THEY MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT HERE BY A WORKMAN WHEN THE TUNNEL AND DOOR WERE CONSTRUCTED! MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN LIGHT A SIGNAL FIRE! BUT WHAT CAN I BURN... UNLESS...



YES THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD BURN-- HIS MISER'S FORTUNE! BUT NOW HE HAD LEARNED THE VALUE OF LIFE! THE HIDDEN WEALTH BECAME A BEACON OF HOPE...

SOMEONE'S GOT TO SEE IT! THEY'VE GOT TO!



BUT IT WAS A DESERTED SPOT THAT EVEN SHIPS KEPT CLEAR OF! HE SAW THE FLAMES DEVOUR THE LAST OF HIS PRECIOUS FUEL-- AND NOBODY CAME...

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ME, BUT I... DESERVE IT! I MADE MY LIFE A THING OF BITTERNESS... BEGRUDGED MY OWN DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER THE HAPPINESS WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN THEIRS! I Railed AT THE SEA-GULLS FOR MY BAD FORTUNE... BUT THE FAULT WAS ALWAYS MINE!



THEN IT HAPPENED-- CALL IT CHANCE, PROV- DENCE, WHATEVER YOU LIKE...

ONE LAST SHEAF OF BILLS-- ALMOST AS IF IT'S GIVING IT TO ME! AND I'VE... GOT ONE MATCH LEFT...



DOWN BELOW MILDRED AND WILLIAM WALKED THE SOLITARY BEACH AS DUSK FELL, AND THE GIRL'S KEEN EYES SPIED...

LOOK--UP THERE! THAT PINPOINT OF FLICKERING LIGHT--IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF BELOW THE HOUSE! WHAT...

IT MUST BE A CAVE-- AND SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO SIGNAL FROM IT! IT MUST BE YOUR GRANDFATHER, MILDRED-- IT CAN'T BE ANYBODY ELSE!



HOSMER PETTY'S WEALTH WAS GONE-- BUT HE HAD HIS LIFE! IT WAS A BETTER LIFE THAN OF FORTUNE WITH LOVE-- AND HAPPINESS-- SO WHO COULD SAY THAT IN A WAY, HE WASN'T RICHER THAN EVER?

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE MET TODAY...

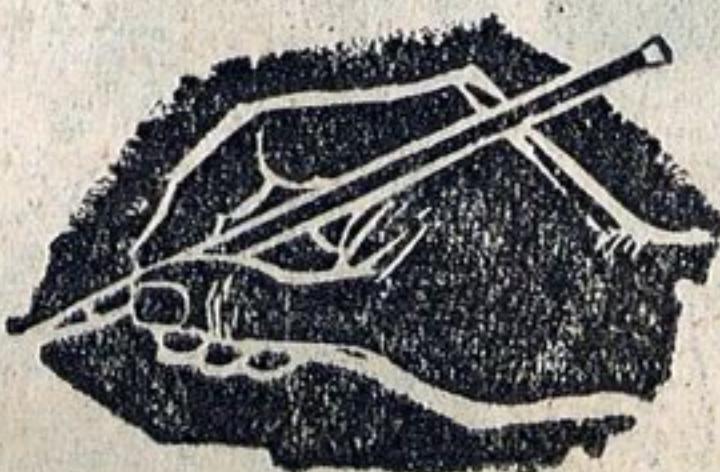




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Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. Entries for October 1959 contest must be received by October 31. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing today.

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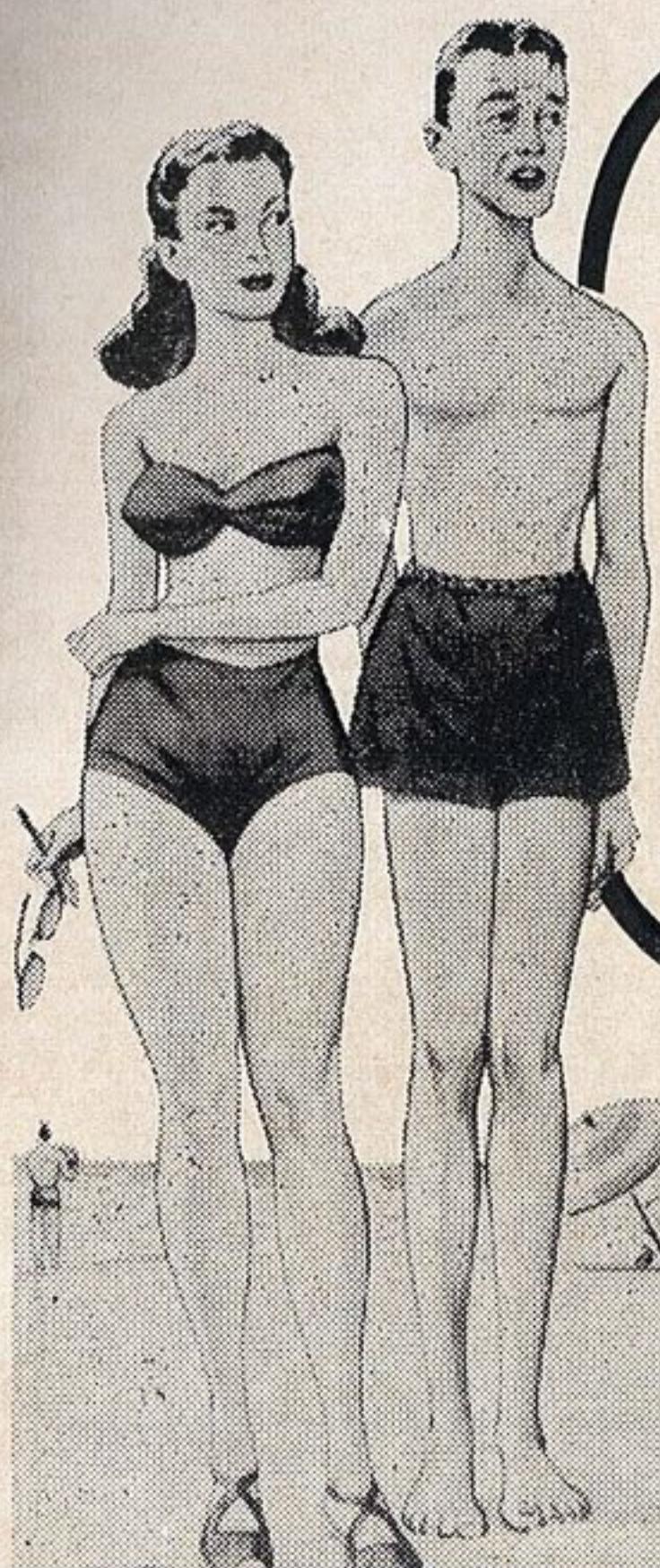
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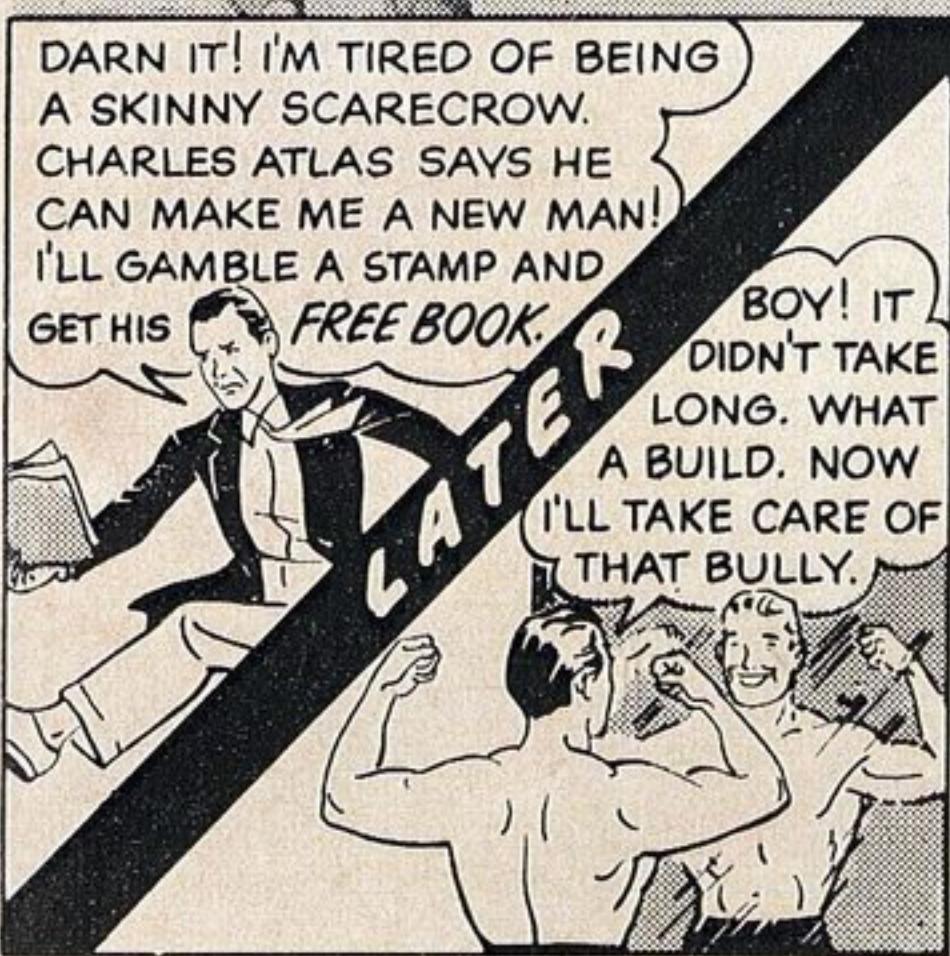
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Hey SKINNY!

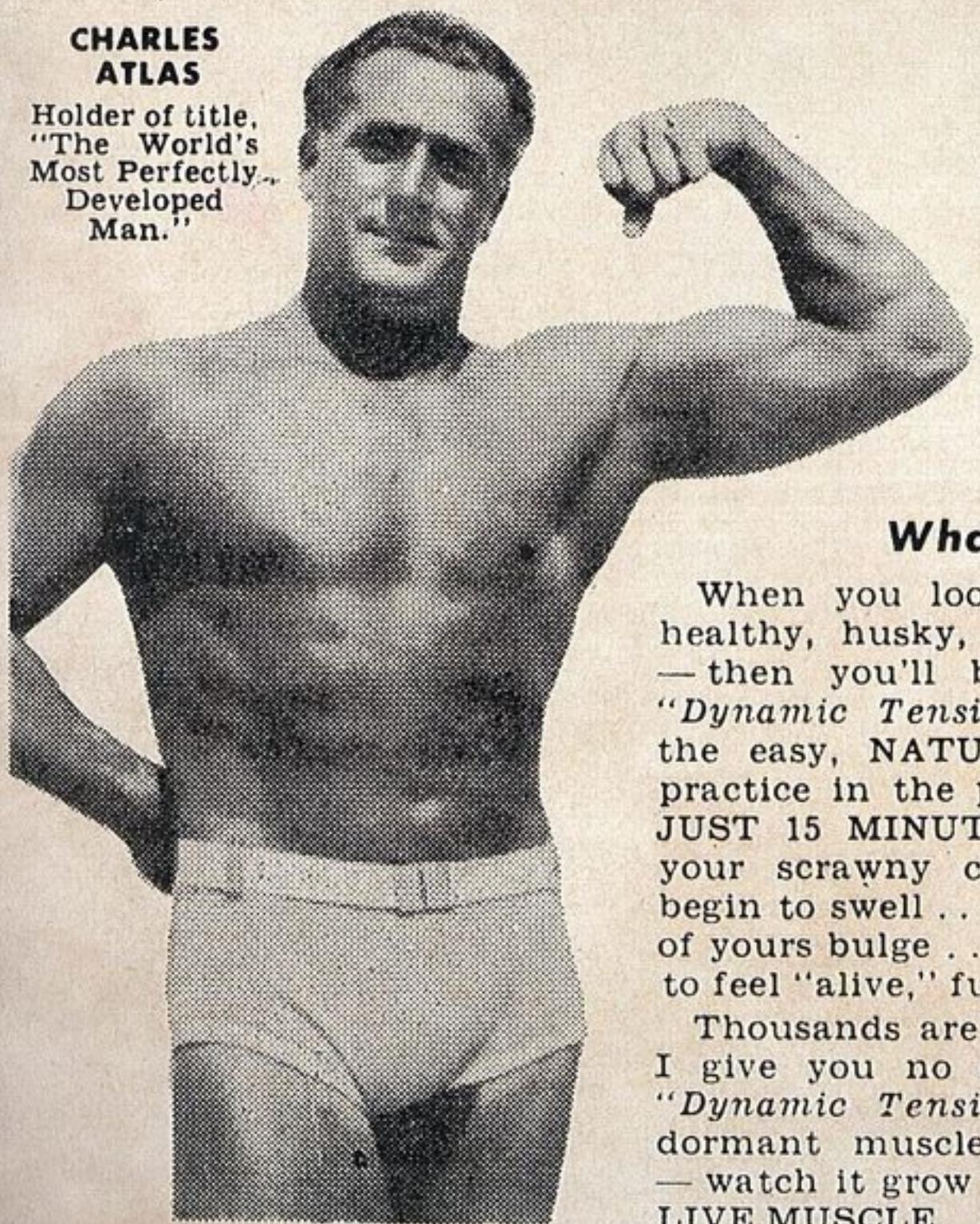
...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make **YOU** a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES
ATLAS

Holder of title,
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Most Perfectly
Developed
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Name.....Age.....
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City.....State.....
 If under 14 years, check for Booklet A.

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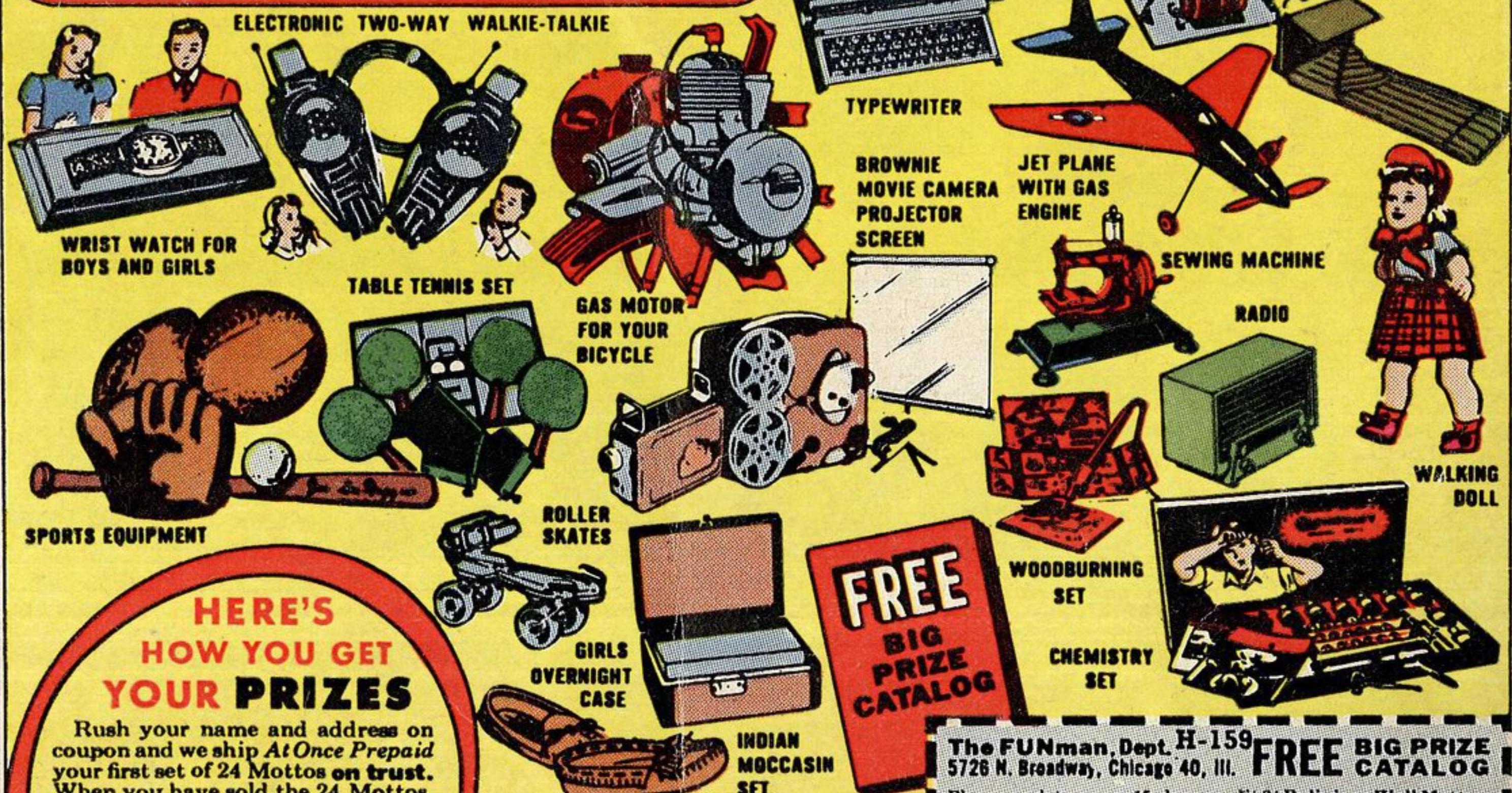
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